The cathedral in the town, we found to be a curious mixture of Gothic, ~~Adams~~ man xxy

F.D.M

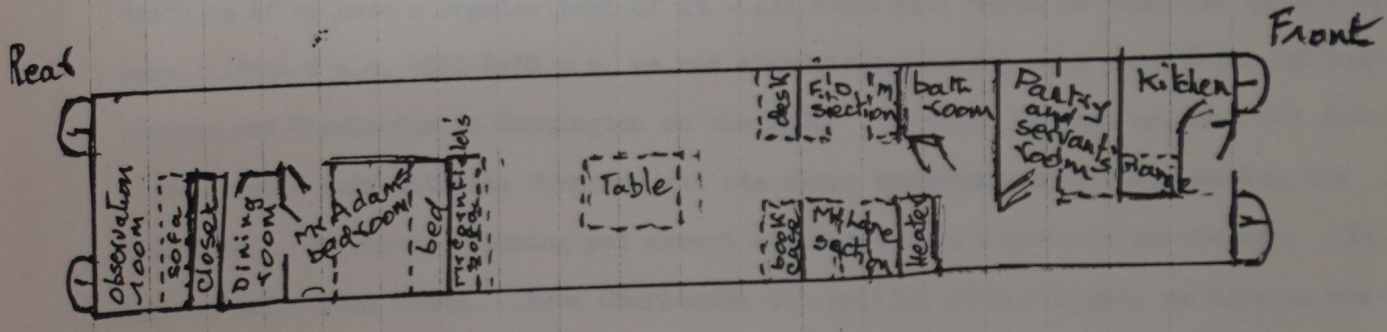
TRIP to the WEST.

1885

Box 5, Folder 6
F.D. Millet Journal
Trip to West, 1885
Photocopy Transcribed
Millet Papers

CAR D 10 Union Pacific

Length about 71 feet. width about 10 ft.



TRIP TO THR WEST. April 17 - July 25 1885

F.D.Millet.
578 5th Anenue,
New York.

Charlotteville. The Negroes stand in grinning rows as we pass, the frequent villages show marked signs of prosperity, the people slouch, the men wear boots and the women sunbonnets and the red soil tones everything into harmony. One "Johnny" with long coat, slouch hat and boots interests us in his postures and actions so thoroughly typical. From Ch. we strike through the mountains across the fertile Shenandoah valley to Cliftonforge which like most of the villages we have seen since Washington is built along the railroad. Negroes have disappeared and rather slouchy but enterprising whites lounge in their places. Slept quietly at anchor after good dinner.

Sunday Apr 19.

As we sat all day in the observation room watching from our easy chairs the varied and picturesque scenery of the Alleghanies the luxury of the adventure dawned upon me. Our meals so well served and cooked, our personal comfort, our freedom from care, the apparent facility with which we are hitched on the end of the train as if we were a regular part of it - all this half dazes me with its luxuriousness. From 8 a.m. till 6:30 p.m. we run slowly over a good road past White Sulphur springs and Charleston to Huntington on the Ohio. We pass through an iron and then a coal region each with its furnaces and its dingy buildings searing the landscape. No signs of spring yet except and increasing balminess in the air. It is even quite warm today. From Charleston the capital of W.Virginia we have no more of the tunnels the cuts and the picturesqueness of the Kanawah river and its branches which have been our guides all day. Even the villages receed somewhat from the road and we are once more in civilization. Huntington is a dingy, worn and shabby place. The Ohio is here very broad and beautiful with many sternwheel boats toiling up the stream. We dine at anchor. Now again I feel the unique satisfaction of no care, no pressing work and the delight of travel. Mr. Adams and I walk all the evening on the station platform.

Monday Apr 20

The town of Ashland which we passed in an hour after our departure, the home of Henry Clay, is a fine new town with prosperous look and business air, from here

on we passed through a succession of mining villages and for a couple of hours saw little else but mines and coal cars then came a limestone region very picturesque and strange in formation, then again a high rolling country and at last the fertile, park-like blue grass region with its immense farms and fine fields. This wonderful country lasted till near Lexington which place we reached in early afternoon. Ordinary farming land between this and Louisville where we arrived about 5.15. We were met by Gen. Echols and Supt Frazier and as we were running into the station we plumped off the track. A dozen men with as many notions delayed action but at last we were on again and off around the river first on the new elevated road to the Memphis depot. We took a long walk up into the town and saw what we could of it. An ordinary commercial place it seemed. We were lulled to sleep by the rough motion of the train and on the morning of Apr 24 at 5.20 I pulled my blind and saw we were running into Paducah. The blossoms of the red buds in the woods gave me the first sign of spring and here also the first tender green buds began to show and the weather grew warmer as the sun arose. We now turned toward the south and rapidly ran into spring. Across the border of Kentucky into Tenessee we came to a town called Rives where was a hotel and the usual loungers. One of them was a half drunk sheriff with a warrant to search the train for a murderer. He replied in a surly way to Mr. Adams question of what was the criminals name "Wal! praps I aint bleeged to tell ye." From this point on were rapidly increasing signs of spring and also the marks of a negro population which in West Kentucky are scarcely to be met. Clearings with girdled trees, negro shanties with verandahs and wooden chimneys, and at last cleared fields with the furrows denoting a cotton crop - and we were fairly in the South. The woods were lively with dogwood blossoms. Near Memphis a broad yellow mass of water curiously majestic in appearance, needed no guide to show us it was the Father of Waters and occupied with this sight we ran into the station and were met with a carriage to take us to the races. After a brief pause at the Peabody House we drove all around the town among the fine residences in the suburbs over a dusty road to a race course. Here was assembled the most characteristic crowd imaginable. The men mostly dissipated in appearance the women fine, handsome and often intellectual. Everybody bets, the horses run and there is great excitement. Then all go to the roulette tables and

stake dollars as if they were beans. An immense and well crowded bar kept the crowd in good humor and everybody was bent on pleasure. George Latham was among the first I met. He introduced me to Sam Tait, Gen E Greene and others. We came home early and after dinner went to hear Barrett in Richelieu. I sought him in his dressing room and he was surprised and delighted to see me. His house was poor and we cheered him up. After the performance we went to the Tennessee club and those we had met at the races with Mr.Keating of the "Appeal" sat around and drank champagne and talked until one o'clock. Mr.Adams is treated with great consideration and I was not a little surprised to find I was known in Memphis. How I can't imagine. The man who took us to the races, Robeson, repeated the remark of a man to whom he had pointed Mr.Adams out "Why! he hasn't got on any clothes." By this he meant that Mr.A's dress denoted his rank less than is the custom South. Linen dusters prevail here and the heat is considerable.

Wed Apr 22 Memphis seems full of negroes who do everything even to serve as policemen. The majority are of a blacker variety than we get North. The whole populations seems idle for every door is full of them and a listlessness seems to seize those who do work. From Memphis down the plantations of cotton increased in size and importance then the forest crowded them out and then at Clarkesburg which we reached about noon we crossed the Sunflower and the scene changed. Mile on mile of dreary swamp with cypress and cottonwood. A tangle of decaying logs and a jungle of cane seen for the first time. The trees are well leaved out and infrequent shanties show only black skin for occupants. Such a rough road I never rode on. We could scarcely sit in our chairs at lunch although we were not doing more than 15 miles an hour. We cut a cane for cigarette holders and sat in the observatory and watched the marvellous change from early spring to full ripe season, almost summer. At 3½ we saw our first palmetto and like the cane, once in the landscape it stayed there. A little later and wild cat settlements with tents and all manner of shanties became frequent then poor clearings dismal with charred and girdled trees then better farms dotted with negro huts then still larger and better plantations of immense size with cotton and cane above ground and many hands at work still putting in seed. Here and there was a fine old house with the old time negro quarters. Everywhere black faces big and

little. At dinner we all thought we were going over the car gave such a frightful series of jumps and reels, but we righted and spun along and at last crossed the Yazoo. Almost before we had lost that the broad Mississippi spread before us and we ran along the levee under the bluff looking into the cluster of steamers with their queer funnels and wondering at the great log rafts. Vicksburg was at hand and in a few moments we were jolting along the street by the levee and ran into the station. A shabby, most shabby dirty worn out town. Houses all have two or more storied piazzas, the stores are half oriental in aspect. Barber shops abound and there is none of the smartness which characterizes Memphis - and few of the Jews also as it appears. We got an idea of the town in a moonlight walk and a climb to the top of catholic castle hill over the station where there was a battery. From this we looked down over the river and the town. Roses bloom in every door yard.

Apr 23. A drive about town gave us a good idea of the surrounding country all soaked by heavy rains of last night. We saw the old forts, the caves and could readily understand how the town was defended. The bluff is not as I imagined it steep but a gentle incline and just the height above the water to be well adapted for defence. Climbing on top of the counthouse with our driver a negro who "holp" clear the timber for the earthworks and "fit" with a colored regiment later we had a fine panorama of the river and country. The rain set in again soon after we left and the road crossing a light sandy soil country was neither picturesque nor interesting. For hours we went through cuts and over hills and the road bed felt very unstable indeed. About one o'clock we came to a better country and saw good plantations of cotton, sweet potatoes and cane with hundreds of whitewashed negro quarters and frequent new settlements along the railroad. At Hariston the junction of the Natchez and Jackson RR we saw a negro wench of most wonderful physical type. straight, full and tall with a small head covered with string wound tresses. Her skin was as black as coal and her feet like a giraffe. Between H. and Gloster 42 miles of bad road shook us up a good deal but we came through all right and about the time we crossed the line got on a fair road and in a pine country. The plantations grew more and more fine as we neared Baton Rouge and when we ran along the levee there in the middle of the afternoon and in a pouring rain we got the impression of a fertile luxuriant country. The capital

building stands near the station, an ugly rennaissance structure very little imposing. This and the university seem to be the only buildings of importance in B.R. From here to New Orleans a run of four hours it is one succession of extensive plantations of rice, cane and some vegetables, chiefly however cane which is now a foot or more high. The rows are five feet or so apart and run without a break often a mile or more. Great boiling houses with huge chimneys, occasional stately mansions with high columns and surrounded by trees and numberless negro houses dot the landscape. The horizon is a belt of deciduous trees now fresh and green as with us in June. The rice plantations are laid out in squares to permit of irrigation and are at this season pretty well flooded.

Our first sight of New Orleans was a church spire to the left then some gas lights twinkling, for it was 6:30 and then we suddenly ran from a wet swamp into a muddy street with low miserable houses. This is Carrolton a suburb. Past this squalor and uncleanliness into the heart of the city we rolled on flooded in the yellow light of sunset for the rain had ceased and the sun set clear. There is apparently no station of any account so when we had been shunted off by ourselves we walked down the street to the St Charles Hotel. Nearly all the houses have piazzas or wooden awnings over the sidewalks which are narrow and filthy in the extreme. The gutters are deep and often a yard wide and are full of sluggishly flowing black liquid, the sewers of the city. The streets are full of mud and filth and we hear Italian and French on all sides. The hotel with its imposing columns, its rotunda and its crowded barroom is essentially American of the old sort. And the sort is not very attractive either for with the sort goes a stuffiness indescribable and a lack of home like comforts. The great space under the portico is full of men in rocking chairs smoking and chewing. All the sofas in the parlors and in the corridors are occupied by couples who are spooning within an inch of their lives. In despair we seek our stuffy rooms and talk until we have cooled off then Mr. Adams and I do the town a little, visiting a café chantant of very low variety, a dime museum and later, walk down to the levee past the Custom house. Canal street with its central space for promenade and horse cars is a fine thoroughfare but from what we see of the town superficially we think it is shortly exhausted by the visitor. In the late evening Lane and I visit a great Keno establishment, the Senate, with hundreds of men playing Keno, Poker, 21,

R et N etc. etc. The elaborate electrical Keno machinery is much more interesting than the people who play for they neither look like gamblers nor like decent people but mostly like weak and characterless fools. The man who dealt cards for a certain game by the aid of a sort of mechanical contrivance interested me much. It was so warm that he had thrown off his coat and sat with opened vest and unbuttoned trousers dealing with the greatest economy of motion to one single player who sat there equally as apathetic to all appearances. Poker and the other games were well attended. It is a queer spectacle for this or indeed for any country these great halls full of half indifferent gamblers. Therm. 79°.

Friday Apr 24. The exposition is situated several miles from the centre of the town and a ride in the horse cars along Camp street showed us how the inhabitants lived. The houses outside the business portion of the town are very comfortable and often pretty. The gardens are luxuriant and full of flowers orange trees and tropical plants. Usually a two storied balcony or double verandah surrounds the house or at leastruns across the front of it. In the city these verandahs give the streets a characteristic look but the trivial cast iron ornamentation cheapens the architecture and makes it impossible to use in pictures. In the suburbs these verandahs are oftan more stately and solid looking and give the houses a hospitable comfortable air. The swamp like character of the land, exaggerated by the recent heavy rains made all the tract through which we passed on the way to the exhibition look as if it would be too unhealthy for habitation. There are many lovely residences, however, all along the different roads and the fruit laden orange trees shade delightful courtyards and small lawns where the people sit and watch the passing.

The exhibition itself in external appearance is very shoddy. There is some attempt at decoration but very little, while the grounds are in a half finished state. We went first through the so called States building and saw a great deal that was interesting especially in the U.S.Dept. But we found it in no way different from the others we had seen and to Mr. Adams and myself it was a constant and painful reminder of Vienna, The great heat and the moist atmosphere carried out the impression that we were 13 years back and in Vienna once more. We had courage however to go through the main building, an immense structure

1378 X 905 feet with interior galleries up to which 20 elevators lead and a net work of beams overhead. None of these beams and indeed none of the timbers of the building are morticed but all is nailed together. The machinery dept. is under the same roof with the industrial dept. and from the buzz and whirl of the machinery and the dull roar of the great engine you step into the shop-like collections of needlework glass and furniture. The mexican show is the most tasteful in arrangement and much the most complete of all. Some wonderful saddles took my eye and some curious leather work, likewise the pottery and the ancient relics of this one as well as some Aztec carvings. Probably however, the beautifully made models of the indian villages the cliff dwellers houses etc. in the Govt. Dept. in the States Building are the most interesting objects in the whole show. The art dept. is not worthy an exhibition but it is a good one for this part of the country. My own contribution is one the line. Having missed one boat we returned to the exhibition and took our luncheon much like a Nantasket beach red with heat and flies and grease and high charges. Later on we did get a boat and returned to the city by the river. The banks are not particularly interesting until the city is reached when the foreign vessels lying at the wharves in considerable numbers made it seem much like a seaport of considerable importance. However as we neared the foot of Canal street we saw that the shipping was rather light. Along the levee several great river boats were moored, one of them just from St.Louis and one about to start. They seemed strangely unseamanlike with the boilers all exposed to sight and all manner of rubbish piled up with wood and freight all along the guards. These large boats are also very deceptive as to size because they are very high out of water with a pilot house very far above the deck and two immense funnels with filagree work on top of them. The paddle boxes are placed so far aft that the boats appear short and chunky. Until you get them side on they look as large as boats. The careless shiftless lazy negroes swam on the levee and fifty of them on a rope pull about half as much as a horse. Bells ring. Whistles blow, and a late passenger rushes aboard. Up on a balcony high up on the steamers side two dark eyed girls sit and watch a hurrying friend who leaps up the stairs and sits panting beside them. He borrows a fan and they chat and smile and still the boat does not go. The rain fell and drove us away. Negroes hurried to cover the piles of merchandise

with tarpaulins but regarded not their own skin. We have looked in vain for one type of woman's beauty which would warrant the reputation of the Creoles. We have not yet seen one - although pretty girls there are without doubt. A stroll through the French quarters showed us that the houses were not unpicturesque nor yet paintable only characteristic. And as for the people, South Fifth Avenue is almost as purely French if not more so. The surprising thing was the presence of Italians and Sicilians rather, whom we saw on all sides. A great fleet of fishing luggers moored by the levee is manned by these and the Spaniards. In the evening we visited the theatre and saw Uncle Toms Cabin played. It was a curious psychological study to notice the change in public sentiment since the audience now eagerly welcomes the downfall of the slaveholder and the triumph of the freeman. But after all when we noticed that George Harris was played by a man with no color and Eliza was a white girl we began to see that it was partly on this account that the audience enthusiastically applauded the sentiments they uttered. The slave parts were largely caricatured and made more grotesque than realistic. Of course people liked this for the negro is the butt of everybody. Still to see Uncle Tom in a New Orleans playhouse was a curious thing and on the 23rd anniversary of the bombardment of the forts too.

Saturday Apr 25. An early train on the L & N. carried us out across the swamps luxuriant with magnolias and orchids along the shores of the lake and the Bay of Mexico alternately, across bridges spanning the outlets of Lake Ponchartrain and through a populous bathing place with great numbers of bathing houses across a long trestle into the pine country. The only alligator we saw on the trip was one two feet or so long held up by a little negro boy. To my northern eyes the tropical vegetation of the swamps and the bayou banks is not picturesque. The hanging moss makes the trees look ragged more than stately except, I will admit, that a live oak avenue such as we saw at the exposition is with its drapery of moss a noble spectacle. From the last outlet of the lake the road went through a monotonous sandy pine country with occasional glimpses of the bay, the yellow water as smooth as a pond, scarcely a sail in sight and only the dim forms of low trees on Ship Island to break the horizon line. About 76 miles from N.O. we got off at the little flag station of Beauvoir perhaps a

quarter of a mile from the Gulf, hidden here by pine trees. A lanky longbearded Mississippian siezed the mail bag and was hurrying off when we asked him where Mr. Davis lived. "Right opposite here" he said and directed us to go through a sandy lane and turn into a drive road to the left. The rude gateway to the drive did not seem like the entrance to a planters grounds so we pushed on through the sand to the seashore. Then through the trees to the left we saw a cluster of small buildings surrounding a rather larger dwelling with a great verandah and a walk leading down to a high latticed gate just at the top of the beach. We passed through the gateway and accompanied by a very friendly dog walked up the broad verandah steps. A tall loosely dressed old man was just shuffling across the hall as we came up. A single glance was enough to show that it was Jefferson Davis. Hearing us coming he turned to meet us and held out his hand and shook our hands cordially with a very winning smile and hearty words of welcome. Mr.Adams introduced himself and then me and we went in and sat down. Mrs. Davis the opposite of Mr. D. in figure, large and healthy and dressed in a plaid blue and white calico dress trimmed with narrow lace, came in and greeted us with great friendliness. Mr. A's mother was once an intimate friend of hers and Mr. D. knew well both Mr. A's father and grandfather. So in a few moments we were engaged in busy conversation. The old gentleman now white haired, his face seared with wrinkles and his thin hands almost transparent sat low down in his easy chair with a weary air. Occasionally he would brighten up and appear to have much of his early fire. He was no doubt glad to have some one to talk with quietly although he said there were quite frequent visitors to the house. We thought it most probable that we were the only ones from the North who had made the excursion out to see him and, indeed, he mentioned no others. Mrs. Davis who is very fond of art and seems to have an unusually fine taste showed me all the pictures in the house most of which were unhung because there were no picture rods. In the diningroom I saw a decoration of the mantle begun by the youngest daughter and several landscape studies. It seems that the children have been educated in Germany and that the youngest has some inclination to paint. Her work showed talent. The elder daughter Mrs.Hayes whose two children were running about the hall came in dressed in black. Unlike her mother she is thin and slight, has straight black hair and bright eyes. She gave me the

I said as much to Mrs D. [illegible]

impression of being an intelligent woman and appears fond of her husband who is now living in Colorado for his health where she will soon join him. The mother engaged in conversation with Mr. A. and I went to talk with Mr. Davis. I spoke to him at once about John A. Shaw my old teacher who has often spoken to me of his favorite pupil Jeff Davis. He took a great interest, the moment he heard the name of Mr. Shaw and told me the whole history of his acquaintance with him and dilated on his love for him. His memory of his early years seemed to be perfect and he told how he got Mr. Shaw to put him into an advanced class in Latin - his favorite study - among the larger boys and how he had hard work to keep up and a great many other details of school life. I was the first he said who had ever spoken to him about Mr. Shaw since that time although he had followed his movements while he taught school in the south. Mrs. D. insisted on our taking lunch and bustled about with hospitable delight apologizing that she had only sardines in the house. Mr. Adams at first refused saying very sturdily that he had made other preparations although all there was left for us to do was to walk up and down the platform of the miserable station for 3 long hours. We accepted, finally, her pressing invitation and in a short time a ragged trousered negro boy brought in four little tables that fit into one another. The longer ones were put before us two guests. Soon a tray followed with a bottle of claret, a decanter of sherry, glasses and soda crackers and sardines. We made a very enjoyable lunch, toasting each other and chattering like magpies. Mr. Davis said "John better bring some sugar." "Yes dear" said Mrs D. "I know you want some toddy. I have a --- of choice bourbon sent me by a friend" and she went away and fetched a small flask of whiskey. She mixed two drinks with sugar and water - Mr. A. declining - and J.D. and I touched glasses. "Trinquez" he said "To your success!" and we drank. He evidently enjoyed his drink. I did mine because the whiskey was good and also, as it must be confessed I felt as if the excursion was a success. Here was a man who was waiting for death on the gulf of Mexico who has been a great figure in history, whose motives have never been questioned, whose purity of character has never been impeached and who if he had succeeded in establishing the confederacy would have been hailed the world over as a patriot, as the savior of his country. He has a very fine head, reminding me somewhat of General Sherman, and I should like to paint him.. While he was strolling about with Mr. A. I said as much to Mrs D. She was delighted evidently that I thought he had a good

[illegible] days here we have been in N.O. and in the club as elsewhere every-

head and went on to say how much everyone who had met him was impressed by his kindliness and by his personal magnetism. She told many incidents of their travel in Europe and entertained us for a long time by her brilliant and fascinating conversation. Like most other good talkers she used language difficult to repeat. I can only remember one comparison she made. Speaking about a seasick woman she said she looked like the golden fleece - a most expressive figure of speech to indicate utter physical collapse. Mrs.D showed us small bits of her embroidery and with some reluctance and hesitation at last brought out a memorial quilt which as she said she had worked her heart into. In the centre was a butterfly surrounded by a laurel wreath. The corners were the different flags each with symbolic and appropriate leaves and flowers. The whole was exquisitely embroidered and appliqué most of the pieces being of dresses worn at famous receptions etc. during the confederacy. The names of the four martyr generals as she called them Polk, Johnston, Lee and Jackson embroidered on strips of purple "royal purple" satin are to border the quilt but only two of these are done. She seemed to have been discouraged in the work but I promised to draw her the letters for the other two names if she would send me the patterns etc. and she promised to finish the quilt. It ought of course to go into some national museum. Her intention was to sell it at a bazaar in aid of a Southern memorial church. But the scheme fell through.* (see later) I never saw more artistically arranged and beautifully executed embroidery than Mrs.D. does, among her other treasures she showed us a letter from Stonewall Jackson. One from a solicitor to Byron dunning him for debt and Byron's reply and one from Lord Lytton. Two drawings by Rosetti may well be mentioned among her precious keepsakes. The Davis house is the ordinary plantation house. Signs of decay on all sides, the rooms high and elaborately frescoed in florid style, the furniture mostly of black walnut and the carpets cut into rugs and tacked in the middle of the floor. A goodly number of books filled shelves in the back room, a broad hall way runs through the house from the front open verandah to the rear latticed one and the ripple of the shore and the glint of the sunshine from the water comes through the open doors and windows of the front. We took our leave reluctantly my hands full of flowers, lovely roses cultivated by Mrs.D and with the pleasant knowledge that our visit was probably as agreeable to them as to us. I was indeed

since we have been in N.O. and in the club as elsewhere every-

surprised that they knew about my work and were familiar with what I had written. Mrs.D. promised to send my wife the recipe for sweet jar and he is to sign photographs for us. She also cordially asked me to bring my wife to spend a season with them - a week or two of course, - and I believe it was an honest invitation. Rarely or never have I met a woman of such remarkable social qualities and of such an active intelligence. The road home seemed very long and was very dusty indeed. Although we were in a Pullman car we were none too comfortable and we longed for our own quarters on the road.

Arriving too late for supper we went out to the best restaurant, Moreaus, on Canal street and got a wretched dinner with warm wine and apollinaris at an immense price. So much for N.O. eating houses.

Sunday Apr 26.

The French market attracts all strangers in the city and we went with the crowd. It is a great sight for America but it lacks the one great charactgyistic of French markets abroad, cleanliness. We took a cup of coffee at a stall and found it excellent. The vegetables and fruit were both attractive, the meats flabby and pinned to the tables by iron skewers, the fish interesting because strange to our eyes and the shrimps large as crawfish. The place was crowded but the American element largely predominated, Italian was heard as often as French. I am sure everyone will find the market exaggerated in the guide books.

Jackson square and the old courthouses and cathedral is quite an imposing place but I confess to being disappointed often at the sight of so called picturesque houses. They are shabby, common in architecture and generally bad in color. The court yards with the orange trees and tropical plants are, however, sometimes attractive. One in particular with some flowering plants, a single tree a stairway and a broken wall was rich in color and picturesque in shape. Mr.Morgan a friend of Mr.Lane took us three to the Pickwick club today to luncheon - a most comfortable club and one which has redeemed the city for us. We met there several well known gentlemen of the city and after telephoning Major Burke he came down to see us. A handsome man with kindly face and great personal magnetism. He is the Director general of the exposition and is a leader in various improvements in this part of the country. The talk turned on

Cable as it often has since we
Cable as it often has since we have been in N.O. and in the club as elsewhere every-

body seems down on him. We called at his bower-like cottage 229 8 St. day before yesterday and learned that he was not yet back from N.Y. But in spite of all the people say here about his work there is no doubt but he has called public attention to N.O. and the people there and has stimulated public interest in this section of the country. After luncheon Mr.A. and I drove around to make some calls and visited the house in Enumeration Square (?) where Mrs. Adams lived when a child - a one storey cottage with a row of orange trees around the garden, facing a quiet respectable looking old square. While Mr.A.was calling on two friends I talked with the driver an intelligent German named Joe S -- . He came here when very young and just before the war married. With 25 other boys of his neighbourhood he enlisted went to Virginia in the Tigers and lost all his friends, his father-in-law his brother-in-law and the rest. During the war he says he never heard from home at all and when he was brought to N.O. he escaped from the guards and got home in the night, pounded until someone came to the window with "Who's there!" "Jo" he said then he heard a voice saying in excited tones "Lizzie Lizzie Joe's come" and cried like a baby. So fresh is all the pain and the joy still in his mind. He told the tale in a way that it would make a wonderful story in print and described among other things meeting his brother in Yankee clothes in Washington and separating from him in anger then never speaking to him since, altough he lives in N.O. He said that the soldiers were all down on Jeff Davis believing that he kept them from taking Washington. "We got across the bridge after Bull Run" he said, but he couldn't say when. It is doubtless a popular prejudice. He was a thoroughly unconstructed rebel - a phenomenon, considering his nationality.

We boarded the car sweet and grateful to our senses after the stuffiness of the hotel and left Algiers at 7.30 seeing for a long time the lights of the exposition and the glow of the electricity which is so lavishly used in N.O.

Monday, Apr 27.

Looking out of my window at 7 this a.m. great broad prairies stretched away on either side as far as I could see and countless herds of cattle cropping the flower sprinkled herbage. Occasionally we ran through the forest the tall trees darkening the track and cutting off the fresh morning air. We were in the fertile cattle raising country of S.Texas. About 9 we reached Houston, a busy little town on the banks of a muddy river with several churches and large buildings visible from

the railway. Off again we ran over a wonderfully fertile country full of grazing cattle pastnumbers of little stations with horses weighted down by numerous saddles hitched to bars on poles in form of a square as far as a little village called Eagle lake which we reached about noon time. Here we learned that there had been a washout on the road a dozen miles or so ahead of us. We waited and waited but no news came, the engine went off and the passengers scattered through the town and still no news from the front. Presently a construction train loaded with workmen came back and the report spread that we would have to wait until the water went down. We had been taking it easy all along and this news made us perfectly contented as there was no use fretting. We strolled into the town and talked with the inhabitants and saw for the first time the cowboys with their lassoes and leather breeches and the horses with the wonderful trappings. The store keepers whom we consulted were all very cordial and communicative and told us all about the people. It seems that many of the ranches are owned by negroes who have, some of them at least, acquired great wealth as cotton planters. One old negro in particular has his children and his grand children working for him in a gang just as the slaves used to do. We soon exhausted the town and its tales and spent the waning afternoon in watching the turkey buzzards which were fluttering by the score about some dead pigs in a field near by. Mr.Lane and I gathered some mushrooms and our dinner that night consisted of soup, mutton, chicken, potatoes, beets, cucumbers, onions boiled and raw, salad, tomatoes, mushfooms, cheese, queen pudding, olives and coffee. The drink was Dry Monopole and apollinaris.

I forgot to mention in my account of the day with Jeff Davis that in speaking about the quilt Mrs.Davis said that the first flag was the nearest to the stars and stripes that they coubd invent. "This was the flag" said she pointing to it on the quilt "that floated over Bull Run and Chancellorsville". "I had a great feeling for the Stars and stripes" explained Mr.Davis "for I had fought under them and I hated to see another flag used which was unlike the old flag. However it was so often mistaken for it that we had to adopt another." I noticed that Mr.& Mrs.Davis both wore a simple iron ring on the little finger of the left hand and I wondered what this signified but of course did not ask.

Tuesday Apr 28 With a slowness which is hardly explicable we were not hitched on to the locomotive again until about 10 o'clock this morning, akthough as we found out when we got to the washout, we could have gone across much sooner. About a mile of the road, including some trestle work had been submerged by the overflow of the

Colorado river and part of the track undermined. This had been temporarily repaired and part of the rails were still washed by the muddy water of the freshet. Beside the road cabins were standing in yellow lakes, lonesome pigs and fowl sought food on the high spots, the cotton fields were many of them half flooded and there was a kind of misery and ruin about the scene which made us glad to be out of it. Columbus, the first town reached was like all Texan towns largely built to face the railroad, still it appeared a prosperous place and a comfortable twon to reside in. A large alligator, perhaps four feet long which a boy had brought to the train at Eagle lake caused a great commotion in the station by biting the toe out of a mans boot. He proved to be a very vicious plaything. From this point on to San Antonio or near the same, the road leads over a most wonderful fertile and finished-looking prairie with abundant water and timber, fine ranches and great quantities of cattle. The villages are exact copies of one, rows of wooden shanties facing the railway with a broad plaza in which numbers of horses are hitched to square frameworks of boards and poles. Ranchers with broad hats and highly ornate saddles and leather breeches quite Mexican in character now appeared on the scene and occasionally a Mexican peon very dark and dirty looking glowered at us from under an immense sombrero. I could scarcely appreciate that we were in the cattle country where all these blue eyed, bronzed, sturdy looking fellows could throw a lassoo as well as a Mexican or better. But when we saw the lassoes hung to the pommel and got used to the appearance of the horse and trappings so that it actually lost its stagy look we began to say that the people belong in the country. Boys practise the lassoo on the numerous dogs and dash about on mustang ponies as gaily as the cowboys. All the people we have talked with are very communicative, quite unreconstructed and intelligent withal. As we left the prairies east of San Antonio and slowly mounted the table land the large trees disappeared, the country became covered with the fine leaved light green mesquit and cactus was seen on all sides and in profusion. The mesquit and the cactus had come into the landscape as suddenly as the palmetto and the magnolia. San Antonio chiefly made up of streets with low houses has great numbers of fine stores and great quantities of german beer gardens. Some idea of the mixture of races which inhabit this whole region may be had from the names of three firms I copied in one little village of Shulenburg HOLCHAK + WATIPKA, KESSLER + WANGEMAN, EBLING + VOELKEL'

Our driver round San Antonio was a young and intelligent native and he showed us all the sights of the town including the San Pedro Springs a sort of public garden with an abundance of clear but tepid water, small lakes, beer gardens, race track, zoological gardens etc. etc. An old negro from Tennessee who certainly looked as old as he claimed to be 94 years amused us with his tales of fishing near N.Orleans. This was about the only interesting thing we had at the baths. The town has 3 or more large squares or plazas and in one of them is the old Mexican Alameda with richly carved front, twisted pillars by the door etc. where David Crockett was killed in the Texas war. Along the San Antonio river a muddy stream which flows through the town we found numerous beer gardens and openair restaurants exactly to a detail like German or Austrian establishments of a similar nature. In one of these we took ice cream and strawberries and felt very much at home. Having all invested in light hats and myself in a suit of linen we went back to the station and dined. San Antonio has three companies of U.S. troops stationed there and this with the great quantities of strangers who come to spend the season there make it quite a lively place. Within the last three or four years it has been wonderfully built up with tasteful cottages.

Wed Apr 29. When I awoke early this morning the landscape was dreary and monotonous enough. A succession of rolling hills with no trees or grass stretched away on either side, cactus, sage and a prickly plant like dagger plant made up the only vegetation. Toward 8 o'clock we began to run into a ledgy country and strata of rock apparently limestone cropped out every little while. Shortly we came out upon the top of a steep bank of debris from railway cutting and a limestone bluff and below us was the Rio Grande a small yellow stream 20 or 30 rods wide at the most with a channel between low banks covered with sparse verdure and great perpendicular bluffs on either side. Mexico was before us. I was surprised at the smallness of the river but I readily understood the importance of it as a geographical feature because the cañon was quite impassible. The Pecos a small stream with a similar channel and a like cañon meets the R.G. near where the railroad strikes it and from here for several miles up the river the road is cut through the face of the cliff and seldom leaves the river bank but ascends constantly. At last however the road strikes inland by a circuitous route all cuttings and fillings through the rock and mounts continually.

Such a deserted country as we came into I never before saw. Not a tree or a blade of grass, but multitudes of flowers and these most beautiful and quaint in color. The stations are 15 or 20 miles apart and consist frequently of only a couple of tents or a baggage car or at the most two or three shanties. We saw the old trails leading over the hills but no houses or inhabitants except until about noon when we passed a great herd of sheep in a corrall with a crowd of dirty Mexicans about and an untidy camp. Every second man at the stations now was a "greaser" and the great sombreros were numerous. All the day or until about 3 in the p.m. we went on and on through a waterless country with only one break in the monotony and that was a troop of U.S. cavalry at Langtry. The sight of the motley body of men on horseback was quite harmonious with the character of the country. The road struck into what might have been the bed of a lake and wound and twisted like a snake through this broad canon from which we caught frequent glimpses of the mountains on the Mexican shore and along late in the p.m. we came to a stream of water small it is true but enough to fertilise the valley and assemble great herds of cattle near it. This was near Haymond. Now the road followed this stream which gradually dried up but the valleys got broader and grass appeared, the cactus and other like plants were seldom seen or at least if not seldom, were much less numerous. New vegetable forms took their place and we came to a large settlement, perhaps 20 houses with adobe buildings in course of erection and many cattle feeding in the vicinity. A stage marked Ft Davis stood at the station. Grim rocky mountains hemmed in the little valley which though neither fertile nor picturesque like a swiss valley was, in comparison with what we had seen, quite peaceful and civilized in aspect. Cowboys hitched their horses by the score in front of the saloons (The Red Hot Salome) and grim and ugly Mexicans lounged about on all sides. One of the Pullman car passengers a certain Baron Ed le Pomeller of San Malo had come in and introduced himself and Mr.A. invited him to dinner. We rolled along across the level valley and twisted around among the rough rocks then debouched out into a great plateau or plain in the full glory of sunset with Cathedral and Murry Mts. like great buildings arising imposingly in the west and a smaller chain of hills purple against the sun in the East. The quality of the dinner put everybody in good humor and the Baron was not behindhand. I imagine he will lie all the rest of his

life about his day spent with a railroad king. He appeared much impressed by this princely style of travelling and indeed when we see the Pullman passengers feeding at the railway restaurants and pigging in together in the sleeper, we appreciate our own wonderful comfort. Indeed as we sat this evening calmly dining and enjoying all the luxuries of the season while a beautiful landscape was passing before us, no noise, no dust, only a little motion it seemed more like a dream than a reality. The therm. was all day in the neighbourhood of 90° in the shade but as evening came on it grew chilly and we slept under blankets.

Thurs. Apr 30. Indeed one blanket was not enough, for the last hour or two of sleep was broken by shivers. We have been running on Central time since Kentucky and when I got up here by my watch at 7.10 and found it was only 5.10 after I had got up and dressed. El Paso is a mixture of wildcat settlement and Mexican buildings not very picturesque nor attractive. A high barren mountain comes sharply against the sky on the north and to the south are distant mountains. Three companies of U.S. cavalry passed here early or rather camped here on their way to Ft Davis. A squad was detailed to hunt up men men who had passes and did not return. Pretty soon they drove in a drunken German private Albright by name. He made some trouble about going on when the Major(Vroom) came out of the barroom of the Pearson house and knocked him down. This drove the man wild and he absolutely refused to go, baring his breast and asking to be shot etc. etc. They tried to urge him on with their horses but he wouldn't go but lay down and rolled in the sand. At last they got him on his feet and he begged to be let alone saying "I have drunken too much my head swims" and they went off with him quietly after that. But how he did slang the major threatening to report to Washington etc. etc. The men all brown and unkempt after their march of 260 miles looked much like business and their equipments interested me much. I found all I talked with very intelligent and communicative.

The greaser is an unattractive object large as his hat, short as his waist and very swarthy and dirty in color. Chinamen abound here and there are a few adobe buildings, some with arched corridors etc. We continued the study of this subject across the river in Paso del Monte where we found the houses all of mud - adobe - and mostly mud colored too. The plaza, a great dusty square with meagre shade trees is dominated by a cathedral rather imposing [illegible] with meagre shade trees. Central road and crossed the river.

in its size and not unpicturesque. I made a sketch of it and we saw the interior chiefly noticeable for a floridly carved ceiling. The round rafters are all covered with carved patterns and dotted with turned drops. Nearly every other man we saw was intoxicated, few were working except by selling oranges if that may be called work. Such lazy, dirty, low down people I have rarely seen. In one thing they are ahead of the El Paso men and that is in cultivation for they have a perfect, although rude system of irrigation and out of a soil which would appear of no use whatever they raise delicious grapes vegetables and fruit. The soil has a clay like character in its property of drying rapidly and pulverising easily. In color it is a cheap brown. We went up on a hill back of El Paso and saw the resevoir and had a look over the town, the valley and the distant Sierra Blancas. The air perfectly clear and transparent did not lend a blue shade to these mountains although 80 miles distant as the crow flies. The landscape lacks the one great element of human interest to make it attractive. The arid mountains and the treeless plains are not pleasing to the eye. The valley of the river is alone green and this is but a narrow strip. No farms or houses or traces of man are visible on the hillsides; all is desolate and scorched. The heat is 90 but in the shade it is cool for we are 3700 feet above the sea level. For a town only four years old, El Paso is certainly very lively. There are at least two good hotels countless barrooms many fine shops and a small theatre not to speak of various gambling establishments. Horse cars connect El Paso with Paso del Monte a mile and a half distant across the river. There are two bridges, the railway bridge and the carriage bridge over which the horse cars run and which was built by the horse car company. The river bed is very broad but the river proper is not very large and is quite yellow in color. Drunkenness prevails in El Paso and weapons of all kinds are carried openly. It is rather a curious sight to see men in peaceful attire laden with a huge revolver. The town is of course a great refuge for all sorts of bad characters because it is so near the frontier. We saw little or none of the class which sits up all night in the gambling dens and in the never closed saloons, because during the heat of the day they are at home asleep. But along towards evening just as the train was about to start we observed that the streets were a much livelier aspect than they did at full noon. The air was already cool before we were attached to the rear of the through train on the Mexico Central road and crossed the river.

At the station in P. del M. - a large plastered adobe building two storeys in height and with a grass covered courtyard inside - the custom house officer, a tall dark man with a polite deprecatory air came into the car, walked through it and smiled, bowed and left. This was the examination! A little later we went to the baggage room to check our trunks and threw them open as a matter of course. The same man who inspected the car was in the room and he said a few words in a low tone to the one who was about to inspect our trunks. He in his turn bowed, smiled and told us to close them up again. So much for travelling in a private car. While we were waiting at the station troops of peons came to go on the train each wrapped in his serape and all carrying great bundles on their backs. Women and children strolled up to see the train off, the former with the blue cotton rebozo thrown around the head and shoulders in the same way that the Spanish women throw the mantua, namely by putting one end over the left shoulder to the front then carrying the rest over the head around the right shoulder and backwards over the left. Many of the women were quite like the Fellah women in appearance and dress and the men too bore a strange though not too close a resemblance to Egyptians. The Serape was a disappointment in color for it is more often of aniline hues than of the rich color I imagined it would be. The blue ones are often very fine in color and occasionally a red one. They are simple oblong pieces of wool striped or ornamented and no larger, usually, than an Indian "durry" and are worn by simply being thrown around the shoulders. We have not yet seen a poncho - nor come to that have we yet seen an individual who appears to be of fairly pure Spanish blood. Almost all the travellers on the train are apparently Americans or peons. We appear to be the only ones who do not carry revolvers, at least every other man has a great revolver and a belt full of cartridges hung about his waist. There are on the train an express car (Wells Fargo & Co.), third, second, first class cars, a pullman sleeper and our car. We sleep under two blankets.

Friday May 1 A great open valley surrounded by barren jagged peaks, cultivated fields, tracts of mesquit bushes, sparse clumps of small trees and laying low in the valley a flat town dominated by the brown towers and the brown facade of a church or more properly a cathedral. This is Chihuahua. At the station were numerous covered wagons and one half open one. We selected the latter bargained with the driver through

the good offices of the conductor and drove across the dusty, rough barren tract between the railroad and the town. We crossed a small stream by fording it, driving out of our road a troop of donkeys laden with bundles of roots which serve as fuel. The street that leads into the town is busy with donkeys bringing produce and natives to market. Usually the peon loads up his burro then sits behind on the rump of the poor animal and so jogs into town. One boy we saw was bringing a load of produce and two lambs in his paniers. He was riding on top. The street from the station leads between low adobe houses with few windows on the street and few doors. These are mostly plastered over and tinted various colors mostly pink and sometimes are frescoed with pilasters and cornices in blue. The roadway is unpaved and the sidewalks are but mere apologies made of cobble stones. For the first time in my life I got a good idea of what must have been the appearance of a town in old Roman Empire, for Chihuahua is for all the world classical in general aspect. Gargoyles projecting from the fronts of the houses near the top give an oriental character to the architecture, if such simple structures may be called architecture, and glimpses through open doors show courtyards very like the old Roman peristylium. This likeness is still more vividly carried out in the first plaza we saw, an open space of one block with a double row of stuccoed seats like the exedra some what, ranged wide appart around a central column. It was quite like a forum and evidently was used as a popular assembly place. We emerged from this classical street, pausing to notice the shabby lazy soldiers guarding the police station seated at their posts half asleep wrapped in ragged serapes, into a shady populous plaza with some fine houses around it and the great cathedral overshadowing all. I say great but it is only great by comparison with the neighbouring houses. The front of rather inconsequent renaissance style is carved in a dirty brown stone but appears in these surroundings very ornate - as it is - and very remarkable - as it is not. The interior is romanesque, very plain, even to ugliness and is interesting only for the dark skinned devottees who kneel on all sides and pray audibly like some Italians. The plaza in front looked cool and inviting, but we could not linger to take part in the popular loafing which was already in full swing as early as seven o'clock, so we drove away through more Pompeian streets, seeing one carved stone, Chicago-like, in process of erection. Out upon the dusty roads again where was collected a motley crowd of peon men women and children and

and several gay cavaliers, one especially with a beautiful barbe with elegant saddle and bridle. From the station the town looked like one described in the Arabian nights or like one from a bible story and we left it with regret knowing well that the sensation of novelty would not be repeated but that all the rest of the Mexican towns would be modifications of this one in character. From Chihuahua the fertile tracts of the great plateau alternate with the arid uncultivated parts for perhaps 75 miles. Several streams are crossed, mostly dried up and showing a broad sandy river bed; two of these which the railway passes on fine iron bridges show that in the rainy season they are raging torrents. As we went on the low adobe houses were less and less frequently seen and those we did see had nearly all of them one round tower higher than the roof of the main house and pierced with loop holes. These were used as defense when the Indians were troublesome here. We were of course on the great plateau of Mexico and a more monotonous landscape I have never seen. The plain is apparently perfectly level and indeed the railroad very often makes a perfectly straight line for many miles. Out of this plain rise on every side steep rocky serrated hills or mountains and the horizon is generally broken by groups of these at different distances in perspective; sometimes, however, the plain stretches away to the very horizon without a break. The vegetation of the plain is small scrubby bushes of various kinds with occasional cactus and other plants of this species. The drouth of last year has killed many of the bushes so that the plain is scored by black, burnt-looking patches. Sometimes are seen tracts of greenish grey grass growing in tufts and here are usually found a peon with a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle. At long intervals, dusty trails cross the railway and men on horseback canter along like characters in opera. For perhaps 150 miles there is scarcely one break in this monotonous plain with the steep mountains abruptly rising out of it like volcanic islands in a great sea. At San Rosalia I got out my camera and took a ragged urchin and a boy carrying bottles of corn beer and they were so pleased to have this done that it encouraged me to keep the instrument in sight ready for use. All the fore noon long we whirled along at a moderate rate enveloped in a cloud of dust with the thermometer at 98°. At Jiminez where a crowd of people from the train bound north which passed us here were dining in one of the primitive restaurants arranged in an old construction car of rough

boards, we caught sight of Miss Susan Hale and spoke with her. She introduced us to Church the artist a broken down old man bent over and thin with a feeble voice. It seems as though he would scarcely live to get home, notwithstanding the fact that he has been spending the winter here for his health. The whole afternoon we went on and on at very long intervals - toward the close of the day seeing little fertile spots with extensive haciendas - merely a group of mud colored buildings looking at a distance like fortifications. As the sun went behind the mountains the peons assembled at the haciendas for as we went on the cultivation gradually increased and the sight of these quiet patriarchal farms with the troops of dark skinned laborers was a vivid reminder of eastern scenes of agricultural life. The peons dress often like the mexicans with trousers and boots, but the common costume is a white cotton jacket and trousers full in the legs like those worn by the Wallachians and Hungarians. While they are irrigating - and all the fertility to be seen on the plateau is the result of irrigation - they readily roll the trousers up to the hips. When they ride and often at other times they wear a pair of opensided leather overalls, tan colored and soft, which can be fastened at the ankle and also can be tied around the waist like a breech clout. The sombrero is, of course the chief article of their dress for they are often seen working on the railway naked except a covering round the waist and the broad sombrero. On their feet they wear the simplest kind of sandals, a broad piece of leather or raw hide tied to the feet by thongs, one of which comes up between the toes. The women usually wear beside the wrap around the head but a single garment like a dress. At the stations these people commonly camp along the road in mud huts, or mat tents or burrow in the banks like Wallachians. When the train comes in they flock alongside selling fruit, honey water and other drinkables beside tortillas in flat cakes, cheese and frequently chicken stewed with onion. Very few carts are to be seen all is carried on donkey back. Whatever we saw in the way of native vehicle had solid wheels pegged together of pieces of thick plank. Near the station of Lerdo we entered into a more prosperous section where grain was already ripe in the fields, indian corn stood waist high and cotton a foot or so above ground. Trees were now less of a rarity and were seen in rows along the irrigating ditches. After the station of Mapimi we entered into a mountain gorge and for some miles wound among rocks and sharp peaks. It was now dark or rather moonrise and the sky, cloudless, was brilliant with

stars. The north star scarcely appearing above the hills proved that we were rapidly approaching the tropics. The thermometer rapidly fell 20° or more and we slept under a blanket, the train running smoothly over a first class roadbed.

Sat. May 2

The mercury stood at 66° in the observation room at 6 this a.m. a drop of 32° in the night. But the moment the sun begins to shine brightly the air gets warmer and by nine or ten o'clock we find our thick clothes too warm. At half past seven after a long pull over an arid country we came to ~~Calera~~ Calera a town which lies some distance west of the R.R. Here was a settlement of Peons and I siezed the camera and by the aid of one energetic Irishman who was evidently a section boss or road master because he spoke Spanish - indifferently it is true - I made several groups of more or less interest and picturesqueness. The moment we left Calera - the terminus of the section - we began to strike into a more interesting region and mines appeared on all sides. The road began to climb rapidly, twisting up the mountain sides in wonderful curves. Several fine mining establishments with neat brick enclosures and well built houses came in sight and everywhere the mountain flanks were dotted with holes where they had been trying for ore and by small whitewashed cones of masonry marking the boundaries of claims. In a few moments we came in sight of a large town with church towers and acres of flat topped buildings lying in a narrow valley, beset by mountains and overlapped by a high steep eminence on which stood a small chapel. This was Zacatecas the capital of the state of that name one of the oldest and richest mining towns in Mexico. As we approached the town by bold curves on the rocky hillsides we crossed several fine roads busy with donkeys laden with various burdens among others four jars in paniers made of withies. The landscape was strongly biblical - an impression heightened by the sight of flocks of sheep guarded by patriarchal shepherds and by the absence of waggons. When we stopped at the station we were astonished by the great number of fine horses and riders there, by the row of fine horse cars waiting to take people to the town and by the multitudes of people of all stations in life. The peons were of course in the great majority. After the usual delay we moved slowly out past a group of prancing horses with richly dressed riders, past a crowd of peon children carrying little buckets of earth on their heads from one side of the road to the other, running all the way and chattering like

magpies, and out on the hillside fairly over the town so we could look down upon its flat roofs and busy, booth lined streets and see the whole life of the place. By a series of abrupt curves we gradually descended the mountain side, in one place looking down directly upon a native mine with its rude wooden drum and pulleys and ragged rope hanging down into the pit, and at last came out near the level of the plain again opposite a great mining suburb of Zacatec as connected with it by a horserailway the cars of which come down from Z. by gravity and return by mule power. Away over across a broad fertile valley we could see groups of white conical graneries and the shining surface of a pond which is dammed to supply Z. and the neighbouring Haciendas with water. At the station here a youth as dark as the darkest Indian hung around the car door. His only garments were a shirt or the meagrest fragments of one and a breech clout and only one sandal. He was happy and his brown lithe body shone in the sun as if it were absorbing nourishment from it. I sketched him and regretted I could not photograph him as well.

From Zacatecas on the flora changes somewhat. We had been in the torrid zone since daybreak but in these high altitudes one does not mind the latitude much. But now we saw great fields of prickly pear or cactus and the yucca trees which had been a feature of the landscape all the forenoon gave place to other varieties of cactus. For miles were solid groves of this prickly cactus with its hideous flat leaves and monstrous stems. Many plants were covered with yellow blossoms and in some places they were carefully preserved wherever the earth had been dug out. Evidently here this cactus is cultivated or rather preserved for a purpose. The magney plant now began to be seen in rows where it was cultivated to make pulque, tequila and other drinks from and also for its fibre to use in ropes and clothing. For an hour or two the old monotonous landscape began again and we came to a city lying in the plain about a mile west of the station shortly after one o'-clock. We had told the conductor we intended to use the 20 minutes lunch time in seeing the town so he went with us and put us aboard the proper horse car and off we went. This was ~~Aguas Calientes~~ Aguas-Calientes and by the road as we left the station we saw an extensive bathing establishment with a great garden adjoining full of palms and other tropical vegetation. The horse car carried us rapidly up a street lined with one storey houses perfectly flat on Top with ~~perfectly flat on top~~ with projecting spouts at regular intervals and the station numerous natives of both sexes and all ages were bathing in an aquaduct

with no doors nor windows except what appeared absolutely necessary. The windows - and there is no more than one to every three houses - have no glass in them but are closed by weather beaten and sometimes ornately carved shutters. The doors also are frequently made of intricate panel work and are seldom painted. The houses are built of an agreeable colored light grey adobe and then plastered, or of a kind of tufa-like stone. The facades are commonly painted, either salmon pink or frescoed in panels and stencilled over with designs. Sometimes a band of pompeian red of a foot or more in width is painted around the doors and windows giving the house a curious classical look. Indeed the whole aspect of the street was startlingly like Pompei. And further, as we looked down a side street with its rows of low closed houses and the rude sidewalks and antique look in general it was as near like looking down a street of Pompei as it now exists as anything I can imagine. Glimpses through open doors disclosed pretty courtyards with columns and fountains, quite like the Roman Peristylium - or else plain enclosures of this tufa-like stone or adobe, dry and dusty as in Pompei with Peon artisans busy at their work or the women of the house seated under the shade of a grapevine with half clothed children about them. It was like seeing old Rome alive again. The plaza we found to be a large square full of dense trees of all kinds with an abundance of flowers, some fountains etc. and hundreds of stone seats rather imposing in style. Numberless Peons lounged on these seats and looked as if they had all the time there is at their disposal. There was an interesting classical feel about all this which a sight of the ornate front of the cathedral rather disturbed. However the latter is well worth seeing with its rich carvings done in a reddish stone and its general appearance of age and dignity. Facing the plaza are hotels and other public buildings more noticeable perhaps for the hideous designs of the stencilling on their facades than for any architectural style or beauty. We saw no sign of a modern structure nor a modern costume in town - a unique experience now a days. But there were some English signs especially near the station where beer shops and saloons abounded and flaunted bold American signs. A great crowd of people were at the station including numbers of swells on horseback and we were delayed some time in getting away - cutting a dog in two as we went out. Just beyond the station numerous natives of both sexes and all ages were bathing in an aquaduct

which led from the city. Others squatted beside the ditches and washed their clothes and waited for them to dry. It was no unusual sight to see a great brown fellow sitting in the sun and holding his shirt up to dry without a motion of impatience. We left the fertile valley of Aguascalientes at 1.40 and began to pass over uninteresting counrty again for a while, noticing with disgust that the railroad company had erected corrugated iron houses at the stations and about an hour and a half later passed over a high iron bridge at Encarnacion (138 feet) where the people had damned up a little stream by a fine masonry dam and conducted the water by a tiny aqueduct into the town which lies in the hollow below like a Syrian village. Here as elsewhere we were constantly reminded of the Orient. Women at nearly every station came alone with quaint jars on their shoulders and wrapped up in their blue mantle like Egyptians. At every pool they squat in stolid silence or stand holding children in their arms as we pass. After the last mentioned station we seemed suddenly to come into a region of stone walls and field after field was enclosed in them - and very good ones too laid up with great skill and with carefully selected stones. Trees appeared and the organ cactus, then too the irrigating well sweep with its rude earthen bucket dotted the fields and now and then we saw an irrigating wheel with jars lashed to it turned by a donkey. The effect of this irrigation was visible in the increased amount of trees, of green in the fields and in the number of houses visible. About 5 p.m. we came to Lagos a large town probably as large as Aguacalientes of perhaps 40000 people judging by the appearance of the town. As we left the station we saw numerous women and men all engaged in washing clothes or their own skins in the numerous irrigating ditches that run in all directions. Trees grow in abundance here and are most grateful to the eye. The houses are often enclosed by impassible hedges of the organ cactus and the abundance of this plant gives a very tropical look to the place. Now we were fairly in an irrigated country and great fertile fields stretched away on both sides of the track. Wheat and barely was already ripe and some of it already harvested. It is easy it appears to grow a crop here at any season of the year - water alone is necessary. June July and August are the wet months and then it is said the whole country loses its arid aspect and becomes green and full of flowers. We had noticed the complete absence of all wild flowers of any account and and supposed there were none here until we learned that they grow in the wet season.

About sunset we came to the town of Leon 125 000 inhabitants showing from the station a number of church towers reaching away back up the valley. It is evidently an important place. As the sun set red behind the mountains the landscape lay all green and cool looking before us. The whirlwinds of dust that had been marching through the arid plains before us for two days like the columns of smoke that guided the Israelites, but now a peaceful haze spread over the fields and our eyes were rested at the sight of it.

The dust columns I have forgotten to speak about before are very frequent in the dry regions often the whole landscape is full of them. They are simply little whirlwinds that carry the dust up in columns a hundred feet or more high and as thick as a house often times. They rotate and advance sweeping straws and chips and small sticks up with them but soon lose their force and melt away.

Sunday May 3.

Rain on the roof of the car and, outside, a dripping landscape, we are nearing the city of Mexico where it has already begun to rain at night. The country is rugged but the valleys most fertile and even the grey hillsides begin to show a haze of green. As we went along past several flourishing villages with their Moorish looking churches and the crowds of peons waiting for church to begin, the soil got richer and richer until we came in sight of a large lake and then the earth seemed to be one rich black mass as deep as the railway cutting goes. I should except, however the ridge of hills through which is the great cut of Nochis longo which is nearly 150 feet deep and 12 miles long and has been worked on at various intervals for almost 300 years. It was entirely done by hand labor the earth being removed by peons with baskets. The railway passes for a mile or two through this cut far up the east side of the bluff and we get a good idea of the enormous extent of this work. It was intended to drain the lakes that continually threaten to flood the city but has never, it is said accomplished any purpose but the death of 70 000 peons. After leaving this cut we came out into the broad valley in which Mexico lies. A chain of mountains surrounds it on all sides and between two of these sharp peaks far to the northward we could see the snowy peak of Popocatapetl just touching the clouds, a few moments later and the vapors drifted down like a veil and hid the volcanoes. The fields are covered with plantations of the Magney or aloe which grows to enormous size and the

High mass was going on and the great interior was filled with peons and mexicans,

natives are seen working at this plant on all sides. The pulque, tequila (one a sort of beer like yeast, the other a spirit like vodki) are made from this as well as various textiles etc. Herds of fat cattle and sleek horses luxuriated in the rich grass, trees clustered everywhere and the shabby white churches raised their towers over many hamlets. At last the twin towers of the great cathedral came in sight on the plain miles away and we could distinguish the low outlines of the city. It was Mexico. A few moments later we ran into a modern station with plenty of corrugated iron, brick work etc. about. A courier came aboard and Mr A. engaged him to take us round the city so the care of the baggage etc. was off our hands. We walked up from the station in the mud and saw novelty enough to think of for a time. The long low streets show very little imposing in the way of architecture but nearly every house has balconies at the windows and all the lower ones are provided with gratings. Windows as large as a stable door are often seen with the prison-like gratings filled with women and children. Through the street door glimpses of pretty court yards are seen and a house with a very ordinary façade will have a complicated and magnificently decorated courtyard. Crowds of people filled the streets, Peons predominating. The sidewalks were lined with little groups of women cooking tortillas and chilli in pans over braziers and the odor of onions and grease filled the air. Motley crowds swarmed in the pulque shops and consumed the milky drink by the pailful. Very little drunkenness was visible but this was perhaps because it was so early in the morning.

The San Carlos hotel to which we walked is built on the Oriental plan of a succession of courts with open roofs, small courts not larger than an ordinary house. Galleries and stairways lead through these courts and all the rooms open on them. To see the sun shining through the openings in the roof or hear the rain patter through the "impluvium" is to call to mind a Roman interior with great vividness. Our courier whom we engaged at the hotel is a German who came here with the French army and he is indeed a useful man for from his long residence here he knows all about the town.

We visited the cathedral immediately after getting settled in the hotel and strolling into it with no expectation of being interested or amused found ourselves in a wonderful kaleidoscopic crowd of people in all attitudes of penance and of devotion. High mass was going on and the great interior was filled with peons and mexicans,

peasants in rags and hildalgos (?) in silver trimmed trousers and jackets. It is one thing to see men with hats on and quite another to see them with hats off as I found out when I came to see the peons in church. Such shocks of black hair, such types of indian character I never before met. We stood there for a long while so deeply interested by the humanity before us that we took no note of the passage of time. The mass was over before we knew it and we went away with the crowd. The interior is chiefly remarkable because of its great carved screens and altars. These immense rococo gilded affairs reach from floor to ceiling and are unparalleled for floridness of design and splendor of effect - also I may remark for lack of taste. The style of the interior is Romanesque and there are two altars and no transept the choir being in the nave near the main entrance. The service seemed to be different from other catholic services I have seen. The exterior of the cathedral is not beautiful because it is too Rococo but there are large simple masses which give it dignity if not style. Adjoining the cathedral is a church with a facade of the florid Spanish renaissance variety which is common here. It is wonderfully rich in detail but my eye is too much accustomed to the graceful lines or the dignified outlines of the gothic and the Norman to be pleased with this kind of architecture. Still it has a certain cachet and belongs to the street architecture even in its color which is a pale pinkish red - the stone used being volcanic. Many of the churches here have domes tiled on the outside, a species of decoration quite in harmony with the place. The general aspect of the city gives one the impression of pale greys yellows blues and pinks. Green is largely used in exterior work but it does not interrupt the scheme of color which ranges as I have said. But to return to our Sunday forenoon. We found outside the Cathedral hundreds, no thousands of country people who had come in to the feast. Indian women in a large group almost blockaded the doorway. They were dressed in two simple blue and white pieces of cloth one of which was wrapped about the waist and served as a petticoat, the other, thrown over the shoulders served as a waist and a wrap. They seemed little particular about covering the body above the the waist and certain irregular bunches seen under the upper wrap were found to be baked babies carried in that way. The whole plaza was filled with this sort of people. The peon men mostly wore white and the women wrapped their heads in the blue mantle with fringe which is their peculiar garment. Through the crowd would ride now and

then singly or in groups rich haciendaros or farmers mounted on beautiful horses, with wonderful saddles all mounted in silver, solid heavy spurs of the same metal, countless buttons and chains on the seams of the trousers, huge silver cords around the sombrero and quantities sewn on the jacket in fanciful patterns. It was difficult to believe they were not masquerading. A surprising thing on the streets however is the great prevalence of the modern tall hat. This it is easy to see will drive out the picturesque national head gear sooner or later, among the upper classes at least. Black buttoned up frock coats are also worn quite generally by the natives of the upper class more especially of course, by the city people.

Sunday May 2

We had obtained tickets to the bull fight and got seats in one of the row of horse cars that regularly carries spectators just outside the federal district limits where the bull ring is held - for it is otherwhere prohibited by law and only allowed at all on the payment of $50 fine. The road led out along the city aqueduct past the hill and academy of Chepultapec with the group of buildings of Molino del Rey very close at hand beyond it. These two spots all my life familiar to me by name were far differently situated from what I imagined. Chapultapec is lower, the buildings larger and the position is a much more commanding one over Mexico than I thought. About a mile further on we came to the bull ring a large wooden amphitheatre all weather-beaten and shabby with just such a crowd around the gates as might be collected at a cattle show only they were Mexicans. From all parts of the neighbourhood but chiefly from the city pranced up the cavaliers with all the style in the world. Peons of all sizes besieged the visitors with tortillas and other eatables and brought the little earthen pitchers of pulque. At the door we noticed two ticket places one where you could buy tickets for the shady side the other for the sunny side of the amphitheatre. In the same way the Romans got their tickets for the gladiatorial shows. We mounted a rickety stairway on the outside which led to a gallery on which the boxes opened. A roof covers them and they have chairs although they are rude and primitive. Below the boxes are three or four tiers of seats or benches narrow and high, these are painted red and yellow - or were once. A parapet rises about three feet above the lowest bench, the top of it about 7 feet from the ground. Still another fence of about the same height encloses the arena leaving an alleyway between the two sufficient to prevent the people from

crowding onto the inner fence. A rope is stretched along the inner fence through stout posts placed at intervals and is, as we afterwards learned, of great use to keep the bull from jumping over into the narrow alleyway. Four strong plank screens are fixed in the ring to permit the men to hide behind it, and opposite the judges seat, an ordinary box draped in the national flags, two gateways enter the arena and platforms with railings are built over these. We waited some time for the show to begin, the sunny side was well filled, being the cheap side and today quite comfortable in the threatening rain and the shady side was sparsely occupied with both men and women and likewise children. During the wait the [illegible] scrambled upon the fences and sat on the outside one in rows shouting whistling and making a row generally. The band which had been making hideous noises outside at last entered the seats and everybody yelled. The judges came in. A man in citizens clothes climbed down near the lefthand gate, the righthand gate opened and a dozen men in various fancy colored dresses gaily entered accompanied by a half dozen horsemen. This crowd marched up in front of the judges stand bowed and asked leave to perform then withdrew to different stations all over the ring, the man on a fine prancing fullblooded steed retiring again. Now there were in the ring two men on fine horses with the dress of haciendaros holding lassoes in their hands; two horsemen with great thick leather jackboots holding long blunt pointed lances in their hands and mounted on thin horses all covered with great ragged leather flaps and with a leather blinder loosely tied half over the horses eyes; two matadores or swordsmen recognizable as "stars" on account of their richly embroidered jackets, one clown of the common sad sort, a stout butcher with two daggers in his belt, two bandilleros or men who throw the darts and six or eight capas or men who tease the bull with cloaks. I forgot to say that while we were waiting a boy had hung up on some cords stretched in front of the judges stand 20 or more fanciful designs in cut tissue paper 2 feet or so long representing roosters on rings, complicated combinations of simple forms and plume-like shapes. These were made on a shaft of wood, apparently, and tipped as we could plainly see with iron barbs about ½ inch long. After the men were at their stations and all were provided with cloaks of various colors and various amounts of bloodstained rags about them the ring was brilliant enough. Bright blues and reds, purples and greens and the superb embroidery of the jackets of the stars made a combination of vivid colors not harmonious, 'tis

true, but under the circumstances attractive. A trumpet sounded, the butcher cautiously opened the gate, the individual in citizens dress leaned expectantly over the gate, suddenly threw something down and a shiny black bull with a white paper rosette sticking in his back came bounding into the arena and dashed at the first man he saw. A wave of the cloak and the bull lowered his head to charge and futilely threw the cloth aside while the man had neatly dodged - that was all. The moment the bull lowered his head he blundered on while the agile capa stepped to one side often turning his back as he went so as to show his contempt for the clumsy animal. Every footman in the ring except the butcher now began to wave their cloaks and the bull charged from one side to another until his tongue hung out. The chief matador would play with him half around the ring leading him a dance from one side to another turning himself around every time he dodged. A less skilful capa tries this, is caught by the bull and tossed over flat on his back on the ground, a waving ~~capa~~ cape turns the bull away from the prostrate man and he gets up unhurt. Once in a while the bull catches a cloak, tramples on it and gores it. Men throw their sombreros into the ring and the poor bull impotently rushes at them. But he gets more and more tired and tries to find the way out, jumping upon the fence even and the rope keeps him from scaling it. The two picadores keep moving their horses in front of the bull but he does not care to charge them but at last he lets one have it, lifts him clean up and throws him over on his rider who calmly crawls out from under and leads his horse, all bleeding and dying even from an ugly wound hidden by the ragged leather flaps, to the gate and soon ~~reappears~~ reappears on another sorry nag. Meanwhile the trumpet has sounded again and the chief matador takes two of the darts with the cut paper ornaments one in each hand. Proceeding to the middle of the ring he shakes then at the bull who has been futilely charging the capas who take refuge behind the screens. The bull rushes at him with his head down, the matador quickly throws the two darts as the bulls horns are at his very knees and jumps aside so quickly that we cannot see how he does it. But there are the darts one in each shoulder and the bull tormented into new life jumps and prances and shakes his whole body in the middle of the ring and then begins to blindly rush at everybody. A waving cape, a neat dodge and the bull rushes crazily at a horse and lifts him the rider meanwhile laughing as if he enjoyed

it and spearing the flank of the bull with his dull pike. The horse goes in a heap against the fence this time unhurt and the rider gets out laughing and mounts again. While this has been going on the matador who threw the darts comes up to the judges box to bow his acknowledgements of the honor of a burst of music from the band - an honor given to everyone who performs an extra skilful trick and the spectators shower silver dollars and cigars upon him. He is a stout short man with a perfect bullfighters face and is dressed in exact costume of the Spanish ring. He is in fact a star from Spain. Other darts are now thrown but less skilfully and the animal now shining with sweat and his shoulders all running blood rushes around near the fence often almost overtaking a capa as he runs for shelter. I wished he would too. Boys on the fence grab the darts as he passes and pull one or two out. Others throw lassoes of small rope and get one that way. More darts are thrown and I am getting so mad at seeing the poor animal tormented that I want to shoot the men who are doing it. Then at this moment comes another trumpet blast and "spada" "spada" is heard. The first matador is given a long sword and holding his bright red cloak on another sword or a stick so as to form a flag he approaches the bull. Waving the flag just in front of his eyes he lets the animal charge once or twice and then as he deftly steps aside he raises his right hand and as quick as lightening plunges the long sword down through the withers nearly up to the hilt and the bull goes on with the sword left in him. The crowd do not applaud because they want to see it done and the sword taken out at the same time. Now the poor animal fairly drenched with floods of blood staggers to the middle of the ring and the brutal men keep on trying to stir him up by pulling his tail and waving the red cloaks before his eyes. At last he drops and the butcher steals up and slily plunges a dagger in the base of the brain, a few violent kicks and it is over. Trunpets! Open a gate and enter three gaily dressed mules and the bull is dragged out by the horns.

Four bulls were killed in much this same way except that the picador whose horse was unhurt in the charge did finally succeed in getting his horses chest all gored open and his bowels gashed out so he was led off to die and later the rival picador made out to get a bull to plunge his horns a half dozen times into the shoulder and side of the poor skinny animal he was riding. The deliberate way this is done exasperates me. The horse is not really blindfolded and

shelter and tumble over one another then they dodge out again and face the bull

so he sees the bull approach but either he does not know what is coming or else has too little spirit to show fear for when he is being lifted up rider and all on the bulls head he does not show a sign of emotion. The pimador then seems to be there to get his horse on the bulls horns, why I cant make out. The two lassoo men never get in the way of the bull neither do they move around much, The last three bulls killed they were called upon after the sword was plunged to lassoo the animal to throw him so that the butcher could stick his dagger in without danger. One bull did not show any spirit and was lassoed and pulled out amid the jeers of the crowd but he came near getting his horns into an attendant who was standing in the gateway. The man on a fullblooded horse who appeared with the crowd at first came in again with the third bull and when the time came to throw the darts took a couple himself and attempted to perform the famous trick of throwing them from horseback. But his horse plunged and plunged and could not be got near the bull and the rider with great skill brought him arround again and again nearer and nearer until he got by chance between the bull and the fence then the bull caught him and sent the blood out of his hind flank. The rider was evidently much concerned at this wounding of his valuable horse and left the ring without having thrown the darts. Between the acts I went along the gallery and looked down into a little enclosure. There stood a half dozen skeleton nags and three others lay dead in pools of blood. On a rail between two posts hung the carcass of a bull half cut up and the skin was stretched on the ground. A one legged butcher all blood and filth was working at this as hard as he could, for the meat is sold at once. In spite of the brutality of the ring this seemed to me worse, all this blood and death and the group of horses huddled together as if terrified by the sights around them. After all the bulls had been killed that were down in the program the boys swarmed into the ring by the score all with a rag of some kind. Some had only a handkerchief, many had maternal shawls of red or green plaid, some took off their jackets. The gate opened and a fine bull with great balls on his horns charged in. How the crowd scattered! But no some stay and wave their rags and two or three play with the bull almost as well, we think, as the professionals, little fellows they are too. The bull rushes at a group and they pile into the shelter and tumble over one another then they dodge out again and face the bull

bravely. But just as we think this dodging in front of a bulls horns is easy to do the bull has caught one of them and knocked him down and trampled over him and we thought he was surely killed. But no he gets up pale and rather shaky and staggers off a little then faces round again and shakes his handkerchief at the bull to try it again. Three boys did the bull throw and trample on before he was led out and one he threw high up into the air. But not one of them seemed to get hurt much and each one faced the bull at once again. This was fun - an element that did not exist in the brutal spectacle we had just witnessed. Mr. Adams went after the first bull but I stayed to see it all out with Mr. Lane who only came in once in a while. I refrain from comments on the performance further than to say that I can understand how the gladiatorial shows were possible in Rome when this is possible in America. The crowd was mostly of a low order but there was a number of boxes filled with very nice people.

We found the national Theatre this evening with a farcical mechanical effect play very dull and we left early. The interior of the theatre is simple but very large. Ladies go without bonnets but may dress as they please and even smoke in the house. On the way home we saw numbers of poor people asleep all curled up on doorsteps. This seems to be the climate for the poor. It rains however every day now and seems to us very cold at night. The snow mountains have been in sight only the moment we entered the valley.

Monday May 4

Bugles and the tramp of cavalry at daybreak wake us all up. It is the day of the sham fight of the Mexican army and cavalry, artillery and infantry have been passing since before daybreak. We of course intended to go to the review but on strolling into the plaza to get a carriage we met Diaz and his staff whom we had seen going out about 7 now retiring again and we knew the show was over. However we had enough of it for we were stuck in the Plaza while regiment after regiment of slouchy, shuffling infantry and bare backed rustic looking cavalry passed. Such utter absence of style and military bearing I never saw. The uniform (dark blue jacket and trousers with red corded seams) not like "the paper on the wall" but a shirt on a stick and the men hobbled and straggled along like raw recruits. However the officers rode fine horses, had good uniforms and many of them wore decorations (for what the devil knows). Mountain artillery batteries and mule trains with ammunition

bravely. But just as we think this dodging in front of a bulls horns is easy to do the bull has caught one of them and knocked him down and trampled over him and we thought he was surely killed. But no he gets up pale and rather shaky and staggers off a little then faces round again and shakes his handkerchief at the bull to try it again. Three boys did the bull throw and trample on before he was led out and one he threw high up into the air. But not one of them seemed to get hurt much and each one faced the bull at once again. This was fun - an element that did not exist in the brutal spectacle we had just witnessed. Mr.Adams went after the first bull but I stayed to see it all out with Mr.Lane who only came in once in a while. I refrain from comments on the performance further than to say that I can understand how the gladiatorial shows were possible in Rome when this is possible in America. The crowd was mostly of a low order but there was a number of boxes filled with very nice people.

We found the national Theatre this evening with a farcical mechanical effect play very dull and we left early. The interior of the theatre is simple but very large. Ladies go without bonnets but may dress as they please and even smoke in the house. On the way home we saw numbers of poor people asleep all curled up on doorsteps. This seems to be the climate for the poor. It rains however every day now and seems to us very cold at night. The snow mountains have been in sight only the moment we entered the valley.

Monday May 4

Bugles and the tramp of cavalry at daybreak wake us all up. It is the day of the sham fight of the Mexican army, and cavalry, artillery and infantry have been passing since before daybreak. We of course intended to go to the review but on strolling into the plaza to get a carriage we met Diaz and his staff whom we had seen going out about 7 now retiring again and we knew the show was over. However we had enough of it for we were stuck in the Plaza while regiment after regiment of slouchy, shuffling infantry and bare backed rustic looking cavalry passed. Such utter absence of style and military bearing I never saw. The uniform (dark blue jacket and trousers with red corded seams) not like "the paper on the wall" but a shirt on a stick and the men hobbled and straggled along like raw recruits. However the officers rode fine horses, had good uniforms and many of them wore decorations (for what the lord knows). Mountain artillery batteries and mule trains with ammunition

etc. broke the monotony somewhat but we were not enthusiastic over the army. Diaz, by the way, is apparently a large finely built man not very dark in face and much less like a half breed than I had imagined him.

It was so cloudy that we thought it not best to go to Chapultepec so after some delays I suggested that we go to the Viga canal and take a trip in one of the flat boats there up among the Chinampas or so-called floating islands. We walked the whole length of the Calle de Jesu which is a long street full of common shops and where trades of all kinds are carried on in full sight of the street. It was one panorama of strange groups and one series of out of door pictures of marvellous richnes of color - with little beauty of form or face, - unfortunately - visible. When we reached the canal we were beset by a dozen boatmen and finally made our bargain with one $1.50 to Qxtacalco and back three miles distant. We chose a flat boat with a tin roof on account of the threatening showers and pushed off. A man and a youth both splendidly developed and clad in thin white cotton with much bare skin showing stood on the inclined plane of the bow - for the boats are but shallow boxes with cut-under ends - and pushed us along with poles. Various rude little dugouts with one or two passengers slid by us and we were followed by several other boats filled with soldiers and peons all apparently having great fun. At frequent intervals we met great flat boats poled by single boatman loaded to the waters edge by the most perfect vegetables I ever saw. Lettuce, artichokes, radishes etc. etc. marvellous in size and in richness. The canal banks are bordered by trees growing luxuriantly and pathways under these trees were busy with merry promenaders and peasants returning from town with empty baskets or with heavy bundles. Under bridges past meadows we went on in the delicious cool air of the early afternoon passing one village on the canal bank Santa Anita thence past the mouths of numerous small canals leading to the left among the gardens till we came to the village of Qxtacalco our destination. Pulque shops and tortilleros lined the street along the canal but we were untempted by the smell of onion and pushed on into the village. It is an irregular town built partly of adobe and partly of cane and the houses are mostly thatched with reeds or straw. We naturally turned toward a half ruined church where painted bells hung in a shaky tower and passing into the plaza happened to look into the door of a school for little girls. The teacher a half breed young woman rather comely and very polite asked us in and we accepted her invitation. Fifty or sixty

small girls very dark in color and ranging from 4 to 8 years were crowded together on benches, some studying some embroidering and some sewing. They were all buzzing and skipping about when we came in but they settled down like flies at a word from the teacher and watched our movements with half hidden snickers. We found the village most quaint and rudely built and to our great surprise found several imposing chapel-like tombs of old Spanish build used now as cowstables and storehouses. Then besides there rose among the rudely thatched huts great carved stone gateways or doors which now serve as entrances to cow-stables or gardens. We thought best to return on foot as the air was chilly and we briskly walked along the canal admiring the vigorous landscape with the rolling clouds and the deep blue mountains. The snow mountains - cloud compelling - let us see only their long flanks then plunged their heads into thick masses of vapour. At one small village on the canal bank we went to a native "fonda" or inn and ordered "tamales" and "pulque". Tamales are made of two kinds one with pepper and one with sugar. They are simply boiled cakes of Indian meal wrapped up in corn husks. We were shown into a sort of shelter made of cane and thatch in the rear of the fonda and there was a fine saddle house with gorgeous trappings hitched in the same place. But notwithstanding the surroundings - the place was clean though primitive - I for one, and the only one I am afraid enjoyed this the rural picnic lunch of Mexico. Walking now became a little tedious and we took the boat again stopping along towards dusk at a large shop kept by an old bull fighter - matador - Sig^{r} Corona. Although it was late and about dark he consented to show us over his house and his wife and one of his sons led the way up stairs into a series of rooms filled with the most extraordinary collection of things imaginable. Azteo carvings, indian dresses and feather work, each and every variety of native pottery, weapons, pictures (some of them very large ones) furniture, relics of the French invasion, including the poncho of Maximilian which I tried on (a rich red and white cloth affair lined and trimmed) numbers of bull fighting souvenirs including the horn of the bull which disabled Sig^{r} Corona and a host of other things. The man who could collect such a number of wonderful things in Mexico, the man indeed who had the sense to bring together all the native manufactures including the whole kitchen furniture and utensils deserved, we thought, some encouragement, so Mr. Adams asked him and his wife to visit the Car, an invitation which they accepted with eagerness. Beside the collection we [illegible] the hero supported by the ideal figure of the Mexican republic.

saw the Sig^r has a large number of live animals. But it was too dark to try to visit these and we lingered only a moment to admire the courtyard with its picturesque staircase and colonnade and set off for the city filled with delight at our successful afternoon and with native food and drink. Our evening was spent in writing for no theatres were open.

Tuesday May 5. First guns then drums and trumpets and the tramp of soldiers interrupted our sleep this morning as yesterday. It is the Mexican "July 4th" - the day of the defeat of the French at Puebla in 1862 and of the recent inaugurations of the presidents. As soon as we had done breakfast we heard the military music and from our window saw the whole of the 25000 men pass in review again. They were quite as slouchy as yesterday and gave us the impression of as bad soldiery, but a regiment of Rurales which formed the rear of the column was like a good cigar after a bad dinner, it made the whole rose colored. These were dressed entirely in yellowish brown buckskin and were mounted largely on buckskin colored horses. They wore sombreros of grey felt and under suits of coarse grey woolen. The saddles and trappings were of stamped and embossed leather. The jacket disclosed a belt of cartridges and a revolver, a Remington carbine was slung in a case on the right flank of the horse and a sabre made up the armoury. The red poncho was twisted up and hung across the back of the saddle and with the heavy fringe of the saddle cloth and a smaller roll of scarlet on top gave a gay look to the accoutrements. Each man wore a flowing red necktie which repeated the scarlet of the blanket and the saddlecloth. In appearance the men were vigorous, intelligent and strong in character. A whole platoon had shaggy black beards, some were rather dark in complexion but the majority were white skinned and untanned - leading to the belief that they were volunteers. We hear that many of them are old banditti and many are the sons of the prominent rancheros. Whoever they are have style and dash about them and make one of the most imposing bodies of soldiers I ever saw. Although it was threatening rain we concluded to go to Chapultepec because the crowds of people in the streets and the shut up shops made it impossible for us to accomplish anything in the city. On the way out we stopped at the Campo Santo and saw the tombs of the famous men among others the most imposing tomb of Juarez. It is the reclinging figure of the hero supported by the ideal figure of the Mexican republic.

The group is placed on a high base under a grecian temple built of tufa. The effect of light on the figures and the solemn architecture surrounding them make this a very interesting monument to look upon and one which does honor to the country. In detail the figures are not good, the female face is not a type as it should be but the idea is well carried out and the mise-en-scene is a stroke of genius.

The road out to Chapultepec leads out over the Paseo Reforma a long macadamized drive way bordered by fine trees for most of the distance and broken by four or five circles or concourses which will be finally decorated with large statues. Columbus is already finished and one more is in course of erection. I should judge it is about 3 miles to Chapultepec and the road on either side is flanked by fine rich meadows. We drove up to the very top of the hill by a circuitous carriage way and entered the gate of the military college. The cadets were all absent in the city so we had the place to ourselves. The rain had stopped and the city was in full sunlight while the hills and mountains beyond stood out in dark relief against a cloudy sky. To the south a warm summer sunshine bathed the green hills and lighted up the valleys even to the flanks of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatapetl. Both these peaks sullenly refused to come out and the clouds drifted past them with an aggravatingly slow movement. The city of Mexico was a little too distant to be actually looked down upon but we could see very plainly the situation of the town, the position of the lakes, the different railways and the main highways. The hill and church of Guadaloupe came out in strong sunlight against the dark background of the hills, the cathedral towers stood out boldly between this point and the sharp hill of Peñon and the straggling villages in the suburbs shine white against the green. The position of C. is so commanding that we could readily understand how Scott captured the town.

The military school is a large rambling building with adjoining gardens court yards, terraces and a great belvedere decorated by Maximilian in the Pompeian fashion. There appeared to be nothing to see in this building so we paid little attention to it and only cared for it at all because at one point we were able to get upon the roof where the workmen were at work building and repairing, as it is said, for the occupation of part of the establishment by Diaz the president. We descended the hill to the great grove down the declivity toward Molino del Rey

(a group of buildings within short gunshot to the south). A carriage drive with numerous branches leads among the grove of immense moss veiled Mexican cypress trees - the most grand in size and stately in appearance that I ever met before. One of the trees is 19 paces around and stretches to an enormous height. The declivity which we came down was the one over which Scotts men charged the Mexicans and routed them. It is covered with rocks and a scrub growth and is far less steep and less difficult to climb than I had imagined. In commemoration of the 13 Sept 1847 a monument had been erected by Diaz and Singales (1881) to the heroes who fell defending this point. The paseo del Reforma on our return was crowded with carriages and horsemen with the masquerade looking get up. Diaz and wife were driving in a carriage with yellow wheels. The twins Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatapetl threw off the clouds and as we were coming in showed their snow tipped peaks with great effect. Mr. Adams and I went to hear Oliveta done by a Mexican company in the native theatre Arden - the play was badly done and the theatre meagrely decorated and with the rudest seats I can remember to have occupied. We nodded through two acts only storring occasionally to look around at the boxes and then left. The people did not turn out very well because there were fireworks in the plaza and chinese lanterns on the principal houses and along the best streets. Several interesting families were there however, but little beauty came to the front. The fan which I supposed would be an article of costume here is not prominently shown and at the theatre there was none of the Spanish use of the fan. The most characteristic incident in relation to fans was at the bull fight when during one of the bouts the chief matador handed up a few things over the fence . A black fan was among these things and he had just been using it himself.

We paddled through the mud (for it had poured just before we went to Chapultepec) away down to the car, having, happily, left the hotel, and after waking a watchman up and seriously interrupting the sleep of a score of natives who were curled up in all positions we found the car and piled into the best beds in the republic.

Wed. May 6. The car was already hitched on the rear of the Vera Cruz train when we came aboard and at 6.15 in the morning we started off out along the old causeway which, with its stations of masonry at frequent intervals leads out to Guadaloupe squeaked around the curves and almost scraped the tunnel sides with its ends. Once

which we soon passed and thence struck across the flat plain along the edge of the muddy marshy lake Texcoco to San Juan. Teotilihuacan where the two great pyramids loomed up nearby not unlike small volcanic peaks. Crowds of small boys sold antiquities of doubtful origin at the station and I bought a few for souvenirs. The two snow peaks now showed their whole extent of wooded sides, barren waists and snow covered heads and majestic twins they are, doubly majestic because they have no rivals here - or indeed elsewhere. Beside the mountains, beside or beyond them, they stand out pre-eminently the greatest and the most superb spectacle of this hemisphere. The road now turns from the north east to the east between great plantations of Magney which almost scratched the car sides with their sharp points to the town of Apam the great centre of the pulque region where the best is made and whence most of it is shipped to Mexico by the pulque market train each day early in the morning. The pulque is simply the half fermented juice of the Magney and this sap is collected by cutting out the middle shoot and then scooping out a hollow for the sap to drip into. The plant is at its prime when it is five years old it is said. After it has poured its sap into the cutting for a few weeks it dies and is rooted up. We saw a great many of the plants cut for the sap but did not see any men at work collecting it.

From Apam the road turns S.E. toward Esperanza the point where the table land is left. At Apizaco the junction of the Puebla branch we invited into the car a fine looking Mexican gentleman from P. who proved to be a rich haciendaro on the way down to visit his ranch near San Salvador. He was very much pleased with his visit to us and spent the whole of his time on the train there relating stories of his family, how they are half American etc. (his wife being of American parents) and of his ranch. His farm covers 6660 acres and he has 5000 sheep 500 horses mules and cows. He and his brothers - one of whom we met - own all the land along the railway for many miles including one of the recent battlefields where Gonzales and Diaz defeated the French. A four horse team of mules with a curious white topped buggy like wagon was awaiting our friend at his station and he bade us good bye with effusion having exchanged cards and invited us to his house at any time. His name and address is is: Sor Dr. Ezequiel Alvarez 2d Sta Teresa 13 Puebla.

The snow-covered Malnitzi had filled
Malnitzi had filled the southern horizon now for a long time and

rose grandly, half-hidden at times by the drifting clouds and later taking its own shower bath. Before we lost sight of Popocatapetl we had Malnitzi before us and before we lost sight of that we had Orizaba in full view with its neighbor lesser in size and really only a spire, the Sierra Negra. At nearly every station now we bought some characteristic things. At Apizaco we found Indian canes and at stations lower down sweet cakes and preserves in original native bundles and articles of onyx more curious than fine. Many of those travelling and nearly all the road officers and some men spoke English and French. Two full fledged Englishmen just arrived came in the Vera Cruz train which met us at Esperanza. We showed them over the car to their great delight and they went away believing that the Union Pacific road always runs such cars as this. An old Mexican riding in the car ahead of us was very anxious whenever he saw us getting on and off the car in motion, took a fatherly interest in us all along and aired his very tolerable English on us frequently. From Esperanza we passed out directly upon the edge of the table land and at a few furlongs beyond at a place called Boca del Monte the road leads out on the very top of a great mountain whence the valley a thousand yards below us is seen lying spread out with its checkerboard fields and squarely laid out village like a colored map. It is an unparallelled view and a most surprising one too for one scarcely realizes that the table land ends thus abruptly. From Mexico we had been rising at first and then descending and had noticed a great change in vegetation as we reached the highest parts of the road, (Mexico 2289 metres: Soltepec 2507: Apizaco 2411: Esperanza 2451.) pines predominating among the trees and grain taking the place of the Magney etc. The character of the country and of the vegetation is thus the tierra fria, is not a particularly tropical order, but as we looked down into the valley we saw that there in the tierra templada the vegetation was quite distinctly different, more tropical and more profuse. The road now wound down the mountain sides by a series of sharp curves, short tunnels and bridges at the rate of 4 feet in the hundred twisting into the ravines and cutting across the shoulders and spanning the gorges by bold bridges, always giving us new and most startling views of the valley and the opposite mountains and affording a sensation only to be equalled by a baloon voyage. The car, much longer than the ones in use on the road and, too, very much heavier, creaked and squeaked around the curves and almost scraped the tunnel sides with its ends. Once

in a while we slid across great ravines on iron bridges and looked down 1500 feet or more down upon fields and the village of Maltrata. Across the valley were piles of great mountains as far as the eye could reach and to the left above the rugged peaks rose the white crest of Orizaba swept by the rain clouds. Down, down and still down until the descent became almost monotonous, around sharp curves and across ravines and at last came to the village of Maltrata which with its church and its scattered houses we had seen from the mountain top. But this village in the windswept valley was not at the bottom of our descent by any means and we were off again while the crowd of women still haggled with the passengers about the price of the cakes and the pulque they had for sale. The Infernillo or Little Hell was before us and in a few moments we shot into the entrance to a rugged, wild ravine and then began to slow down. It was indeed time for the road was cut into the perpendicular rock cliff which formed the sides of the gorge. As the long car swung slowly down we anxiously watched it and a conductor with the bell rope in his hand stood on top of the car in front ready to signal at the first danger. She passed however with 3 inches to spare! A narrow squeeze! and we slowly rolled over the iron bridge that spans the chasm and looked down into the boiling yellow water of the stream hundreds of feet below. The gorge is only 2 or 3 rods wide and the road for a short space makes a wonderful step across and along the chasm. From this point to Orizaba we still continued to descend in a valley quite like a Swiss valley except that great fields of sugar cane as high as a man and rows of banana trees indicated that we were near the tropics. We passed the great cotton mills of Mr. Braniff and noticed the civilizing effect this great establishment had produced in the vicinity and were shortly afterwards at the Orizaba station. Here the double ended engine which had taken us so far left us and we went down with a single engine. A little beyond Orizaba the road comes out on the top of a great fertile cañon as green as can be to its very bottom, full of trees and tropical plants and we descended rapidly along one side of this cañon through numerous tunnels until we came to a narrow point in the gorge and there we spanned it on an iron bridge, mounting up again on the other side much as we went down, coming to the town of Fortin about 4 o'clock. Great banana trees surrounded the houses near the station, laden with green fruit and great blossoms as big as large cabbages. This was the true tropics but we pushed on down another long slope to Cordoba passing on the way jungles

came from "Boston" said he. [illegible] visibly like a steep hill in many places being 5 feet to the 100 in rise. Over iron

of coffee and banana trees and pomegrandtes with their gorgeous flowers. Once a mule train crossed the track and down brakes was whistled. Too late however for we struck one poor animal and broke his hind legs short off. When we passed the men were unloading him and the other animals assembled and brayed piteously enough. It was half past four and since six in the morning we had dropped from 2289 metres above sea level to 827. We took a horse car at the station and went with a great crowd of people trunks and all to the town. On the way natives with very little, almost no clothing sat in the shade of their cane huts all roof and no side and with no attempt at tightness except in the roof and with no windows except chinks in the walls and no doors but mat curtains. Cordoba is a rather impressive town with a fine plaza and quaint cathedral and houses with long corridors and colonnades. I set about photographing at once and took market women and groups and whomever I could catch by the aid of a cheerful Frenchmann, the roadmaster Pedro Puret who boasted that he was still a pure Parisian although he had unfortunately married a Mexican woman and had seven children. It was late in the afternoon and my aprearance caused great excitement. In a few moments the street in front of the shops was crowded with people and I had great difficulty in getting them to keep away. Indeed I couldnt do this and they good naturedly jostled and crowded until I was glad to escape down the street followed by a troop of boys. I dodged in and took a courtyard with my last two plates and then took the horsecar which had been waiting for me all this time back to the station. We were in Cordoba but about an hour and a half but we had a tropical visit of it. It was a warm afternoon and we worked hard and saw a great deal too. It would be impossible to give an idea of the delightful impression Cordoba made on us. We could not stay longer because the freight train which was to carry us back to Orizaba was now already 2 hours and a half behind waiting for us and we got away as soon as we could laden with bananas, pine apples, pomegranates, rose apples, apricots and crockery ware.

At Cordoba before we left for Orizaba a crowd of the towns people came down to see the car and one of them addressed me in good English. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter a comely girl of 18 or so. I invited them to see the car and they inspected it with great interest although the old man (45 or so old) pretended he had seen others and I knew he lied. I presented him to Mr. Adams and he asked where Mr. A. came from. "Boston" said he. "Boston, Middleboro'" said the man " I know Massachusetts".

visibly like a steep hill in many places being 5 feet to the 100 in rise. Over iron

"Amherst." "Oh yes! I was in school in Amherst in '55. I know Middleboro and Boston. Oh yes!" I expected him to say he knew East Bridgewater. It seems that he had given Mr.Jenks of Middleboro (University as he called it) some curiosities during Mr.J's stay in Cordoba. But it was queer to meet a Mexican who had received his early education in Amherst. It became dark before we reached the tropical gorge before spoken of but we could hear the engine - a double one - puffing and snorting as we climbed up the incline. Once she could scarcely haul us as the engineer afterwards told us for there was a heavily laden train of freight with us. We slept the sleep of the dead at Orizaba station.

Thursday May 7, We strolled into the town at seven o'clock along a paved street with gutter in the middle up to a broad street full of hotels and shops and after taking coffee in the hotel Diligencias we pushed on up to the Cathedral and the plaza a quarter of a mile further on . There a most glorious sight awaited us for the people form the surrounding country had all assembled and had brought in with them all their market produce. Men and women with great piles of coal in baskets on their backs, milkmen on horseback with two cans on each side, women burdened with a naked child and a load on the head, others leading donkeys piled with sugar cane tops and a herd of peasants in all sorts of dresses and with all sorts of loads crowded the streets, the plaza and especially the market place. Of course I immediately began to take photographs and soon had exhausted my dozen plates. Into a carriage went Mr. Lane and I, and we soon were at the station and had a new lot in, the perspiration streaming from me and all my clothes wet through. Back agin to the town into kitchens, courtyards filled with flowers and picturesque figures, now siezing a figure in the street and again popping at one in a courtyard. All the people with almost no exception were polite, kind and very willing to be taken and I never had an easier job at out of door photography although the crowd spoiled several plates for me. The market place was simply indescribable, hundreds upon hundreds of peasants of all sizes colors and dresses with marvellous masses of fruit, great tent like shelters with cotton goods displayed in profusion, manufactures of sandals etc.. pottery and the myriad articles of trade and barter peculiar to this countty. Such a wonderful variety of color, such

a marvellous combination of figures and buildings, such richness of composition and such a kaleidescopic picture could rarely be matched. We found the cathedral large but uninteresting and the town as a whole pleasantly situated with long streets lined with low houses, paved for the most part with the middle gutter and often grass grown. A brisk little stream runs through the town and turns various mills, among others one to grind the maze for the tortillas and crowds of women await their turn, each with their days allowance of maize. It is ground wet on steel rollers imitating as well as possible the action of the common stone which the women use elsewhere. The houses in Orizaba are roofed with red tiles and have broad projecting eaves giving them a more comfortable and civilized look than the ordinary adobe streets have and withal more spanish and less classical appearance. There are many foreigners in the town but it has been unspoiled as yet. Orizaba's white top towers far above the mountains to the north of the city and this volcano which gave its name to the town is only a little lower than Popocatapetl or 17200 feet in height. It is as we saw it more imposing than the ones near Mexico because it is seen from a lower point and with a fairer foreground.

When we got back to the station at 10 o'clock the double engine was ready and they had one freight car ahead and two behind us much to our disappointment for we counted on seeing the road from the rear platform. Then too we knew that the weight behind would cause our car to scrape on the curves. This proved to be the case as we went on and our passage of the Infernillo was not as pleasant as coming down. When we reached Maltrata, however the master mechanic asked us if we would like to ride on the engine, Mr. Lane and I accepted and went up and stood beside the engineer for the first gentle ascent. The engineer was a very intelligent man who has long run an engine on the Midland road in England. It was an interesting machine this double-ender and the engineer and fireman being on opposite sides of the long boiler make it entirely different from the usual thing. At the small station at the foot of the first rise of any account we got slabs of pine and put them across the top of the cowcatcher tied on a small rope to the engine front to serve as a safety line and then sat there perched up, Mr. Lane the mechanic and I. Then began the most exhilarating of all possible rides. The track full of curves one side and the other mounted visibly like a steep hill in many places being 5 feet to the 100 in rise. Over iron

trestles with a view down rocky gorges hundreds of feet to the valley below where the farms lay like checkerboards and the track wound around like a pencil mark. Up, up and still up until it was like a baloon flight, through dark cold tunnels where hot sparks fell on us, out into the fierce sunlight and the rushing hot wind and suddenly a whistle shriek and a sudden stop. Our car had broken the coupling ahead of it, not entirely off but half off and the ever watchful brakemen who stand ready always with their hands on the brakes and their eyes on the couplings had signalled the engine. It was decided that the broken coupling would with care hold up to the top and we went on slower but still steadily up. Mr. Adams and Mr. Canfield had joined us and George the courier who had checked in with us had left for the car behind. So we four rode up the rest of the way past Boca del Monte to Experanza. We were dirty and cramped but we enjoyed every part of it and in our climb of 20 odd miles had gone but $2\frac{1}{2}$ in a direct line.

At Esperanza we met Mr. Reynolds treasurer of the Mexican Central and a party going down to Orizaba. They had their car along but were going to descend on a hand car.

It now began to rain a little and as we had invited to visit us an old Mexican gentleman and his grandson who had been so solicitous for our safety yesterday, we betook ourselves to interior entertainment, and listened to his bad English and worse French scarcely comprehending a word of what he said. Chiefly he uttered at intervals "I am very old I must care for myself" and he was indeed 71 by his own tell. He proved to be Col. --- paymaster of the Rurales the volunteer cavalry with leather uniforms whom we admired so much the 5th of May parade. I asked him whether they were really old brigands as they were reported to be, and he would not say at first, then he laughingly half confessed they were. They are paid $33 a month enough to make honesty an object to them. Infantry get only $7.25. Every time a train passes they patrol the country, they are always to be seen at the stations in this part of the Republic and they are effective in keeping the train from being robbed. There is martial law all over Mexico and a robber is hanged at once on the spot. 3 of them were hanged at Tula a day or two ago. This justice (?) serves the very good purpose of putting an end to train robbery. I came to the conclusion that they made the old colonel paymaster of the Rurales because he was their old brigand chief, for

under the guise of curiosity he asked to get some American money which he eagerly gave Mexican for, dollar for dollar, thus gaining 15 per cent. We let him play the onesided game a few dollars worth then stopped just as he hauled out $20 or more with the request to change. Mr. Adams broad straw hat bought in San Antonio excited his most violent admiration and he wanted to buy it knowing of course that Mr. Adams would give it him as he did with great bowing and scraping on the Colonels part. He bored us with his bad English and amused us with his innocent ways until almost dinner time and Mr. Adams asked him to dine. He said he preferred claret to Champagne so we had both. His 10 year old grandson, however, drank a full tumbler of claret and a cup of strong coffee but was not allowed meat. The old man with many exclamations "I am very old", "My boy is very drunk" drank a goodly quantity of Champagne and we toasted him and Mexico etc. etc. with formal touching of glasses every time. He left at last when we were going to be switched off on the Central Road from the Vera Cruz, full of gratitude, a good dinner and American money which tomorrow he will change and make 15 percent, the old brigand. A dull rainy afternoon with a miserably drenched landscape and thermometer 68°. At Apam about 5 we bought chaloupas and quecadillas and pulque all of which served as our afternoon tea. The former is tortillas shaped like a flat canoe and covered with a layer of meat onions and chilli sauce. The quecadillas are cheese rolled up in tortillas. Most characteristic dishes. The pulque plant (Maquey) we learned gave the juice like milk 3 times a day for three months on an average. One thing we noticed about our old visitor and that was that he carried no revolver unlike the majority of the Mexicans who make a great display of this weapon. It appears to be all display, however, for no one ever gets shot - or they very rarely shoot one another.

Saturday May 9. We had planned to do our shopping today and were consequently up fairly early and off into the town. Shopping in a crowd is no fun. Everybody is always behind and everybody gets speedily cross. But we got on fairly well and bought a number of things of more or less interest. The onyx ornaments that were offered us on the Vera Cruz road for from 25 cts to $1 we found were sold in Mexico for three times the price. So also did we find with many other things. We all bought serapes of native manufacture and all invested to a greater or lesser degree in trinkets. of course we spent more time on beating down on prices than we did in selecting and we with pad pepper and hot enough to burn holes in a board. The soldiers and the women

passed hours in haggling with the tradesmen before we could get them down to the proper prices. Once before the opals, the famous product of the Mexican mines, no one could easily resist. I bought $68 worth some for Mrs Adams and Mr. A invested in nearly twice that amount. By great good luck although it was after closing hours we got into the Academy of Fine Arts and saw the great collection of so called old masters and the schools, and then went allover the museum seeing everything from Maximilians watch to the armour of Cortez and the painted history of early Mexico. Altogether the Museum is fairly interesting especially the great sacrificial stone in the yard upon which over 60 000 human beings were (it is the tradition) offered up as sacrifices by the Aztecs. True it is that the top of this enormous carved millstone shaped block has a great hollow in it with a groove running out of it to carry away blood perhaps. The background of palm coffee tree and cactus make the stone appear very picturesque and the ugly misshapen god frowning down on the stone below gives a wierd character to the scene. They are now arranging a great hall with fine timbered roof for a new collection of gods and they lie in a dirty neglected heap in one corner under rubbish and now serve as roosts for pigeons. The same man who passed us into the Museum - Genl Lee-Cook of Confederate fame now commander of the Rurales, led us to see the primitive hand tub fire department and then into the barracks of the crack artillery. Such a melange of mules and men I never saw. Crowds of men were loafing about in dirty linen suits and sandals while great crowds of mules ran to and fro and kicked the piles of manure in all directions. It was like a great stable yard. The men were practising lassoo throwing and indeed they threw with great skill catching the animals with any leg or by the head as they chose. From this barrack where we took leave of some very polite officers, wondering why they stood this dirt and smell, this common herding of man and animal, we went into the barracks of the crack infantry regiment. The men in similar dirty uniforms were drawn up for roll call when we entered and we stood under the archways that surrounded the courtyard while they went through this duty watching the women busy cooking tortillas etc. at a dozen little fires. When the roll call was over they fell in for rations which consisted of a tin cup full of bean soup cooked in large kettles boiled at open fires under the arches. Now the men gathered around the women who all rags and dirt cooked the onion flavored sauce for the tortillas, all red with red pepper and with red pepper and hot enough to burn holes in a board. The soldiers and the women

pigged all in together like so many animals did not increase our respect for the character of the Mexican army very much. Nor did the most filthy courtyard of the barracks give us a rosy idea of the military system of policing quarters. A glance into the great rooms where the soldiers slept was enough, guns were rangedaround the walls and knapsacks hung in two rows one above the other. On the floor which was as dirty as a pigstye a few, very few pieces of ordinary straw matting were ranged. The soldiers sleep on the floor without any mattresses at all and with only one blanket to serve as bed except such poor substitutes of mats as we saw there. Certainly the filth and wretchedness of the barracks surpasses description. We tried a bit of the tortillas with chili sauce and were obliged to confess, even the one with the most accustomed and hardy stomach that it was but little palatable.

From the barracks we were shown into the Musical conservatory, and old convent with wonderfully carved stone doorways, a two storeyed colonnade running around a paradise of a courtyard and a general air of ancient luxury about it which the discordant noises from a dozen rooms full of pianos and fiddles all in use did not entirely dissipate. By the time we had seen the Conservatory it was too late to make our intended call upon President Diaz and so we gave it up and went to the station reluctantly leaving a city so full of interest for us and so fertile in surprises. Every day we had thus far spent within the boundaries of the Republic had been a success and a surprise. To be sure the way we travelled did not give us much of an idea of the people themselves and their way of living although we had an occasional glimpse of the interiors and met the people at rare intervals on an intimate footing. One day while we were in the city I went with George to dine at an ordinary fonda or native inn or restaurant and there in one short hour I saw more real Mexican life than in all the rest of my visit. The small room was full of men in sombreros and women in mantillas and the Spanish yellow and black gowns. All were of the middle class of people, very respectable bourgeois I should call them and the bill of fare that was put before us was varied and very attractive. Most of the dishes were flavored very strongly with the chili and one dish consisted of a green pepper stuffed with meat etc. and covered with a crust and stewed and fried I should say. Black beans in a sort of mash potatoe style well flavored with chopped onions etc. seemed a favorite dish and pulque was the drink of everybody. An old Mexican at our table took a great interest

in seeing that I got the most characteristic and best flavored dishes the restaurant afforded and gave the waiters sound and frequent scoldings for not attending to my comfort with promptness. He even changed dishes with me on occasions because he thought his were the best. This little incident only illustrates the Mexican character. Everywhere we went we found them uniformly polite and agreeable. As for drunkenness we did not see any of it to speak of. For my part I only saw one drunken person and that was an Indian woman in a sleepy drunk being quietly supported homeward by a young fellow and a young girl both Indians. Quarrelling I saw absolutely none of and I didn't hear a high word while I was in Mexico. They do not seem to be as ostentatiously jolly as the Italians and they are certainly not as hot tempered. In respect to quality of population the low peons are quite as good as the low Italians. In fact I must confess that my idea of the peons has totally changed since I entered the country. They appear to be active, rather intelligent and by no means the utterly incapable race they are commonly reported to be. They move with great activity, when they work they appear to work cheerfully and with a will and although they may deserve the reputation they have for laziness they gave no evidence of this to our eyes except what might be found in any population of a warm climate. Many of them, indeed, I should say the majority of them appear to be very hard workers. There is very little beauty among them, but once in a while there will be seen a fine face and a noble type of humanity.

Saturday May 9. We were jogging along to the northward approaching Leon when I awoke this morning after a most refreshing sleep and while our car was being turned round at this place, for we had gone rear end first all night I ran out and photographed peons at work half naked some of them and all busy carrying great baskets of earth on their backs. For some unaccountable reason they will not be persuaded to use the wheelbarrow. We found our journey up the plateau much less interesting to us than on the way down because then everything was fresh and novel. However we were interested in every town we passed and took great delight in remembering all we could of the characteristic landscape on the route. We passed Zacatecas about 6 o'clock. Miss Fletcher and her Aunt came in to dinner.

Sunday May 10

The people are in their best clothes and are by no means so picturesque as in their everyday rig. It is supremely ridiculous to see the peon women who are dressed during the week in the rebozo and gown and wear nothing on their feet come out during the day on Sunday with a civilized calico gown and with high heeled French boots on. Poor things they walk with difficulty in the unaccustomed foot gear. Everybody along the line seemed to be lounging and we saw none of the busy scenes that amused us on our way down. Miss Fletcher and her father (Geo N Fletcher of Detroit) breakfasted with us and she and her mother dined with us so they helped pass the day. The landscape, the arid plateau with rare, very rare fertile spots was dustier than ever and we were glad to hear a thunderstorm come up in the late p.m. While we were dining during the stop at Chihuahua the rain pattered on the car roof with great violence.

Monday May11.

El Paso - a railway town offers nothing new after one brief visit. Home letters were very welcome and it took us nearly all day to answer them. Forty odd letters business and other were posted from this car. It was a hot day and in the late p.m. Mr.A. and I drove up on the Mesa or table land and overlooked the valley reaching in a green fertile band as far as the eye can reach. Almost the only new thing, however, was the horrid toad which we met in considerable numbers on the Mesa. Carriages cost $2.50 an hour. We are off at 1.55 by Pacific time 3 hours slower than N.Y. time. Telegraphed Lily today.

Tuesday May 12.

The great plateau of Mexico does not stop with the boundary and all the forenoon we passed over a similar tract to that which we crossed from Zacatecas to El Paso. The difference is that the stations have an American look about them the houses being built of wood with a great supplimentary fly roof of boards battened and supported by posts two or three feet above the shingled roof. This is to protect the house from heat. At Deming where we arrived early in the morning 3 Pullman cars with Raymond excursionists joined the train and we had a train of eleven long cars to haul over the passes. A second engine was hitched on and we slowly wound up the rise to Steins Pass then down the other side in rapid speed round short curves into a valley or tableland among the serrated, isolated rocky hills that sharply

rise on every side. Up again to railroad pass and down, then up to Dragon summit and into a gravelly water-washed miserably arid valley broken and scored and uninteresting to the town of Benson situated low down among the gravel hills at the junction of the Sonora R.R. Like all the settlements we had passed this was of wood with some adobe buildings, a dry, miserably uninviting place strewn with tin cans, the streets but a row of square facades hiding miserable shanties. The miserable, careless look of these places is most distressing and Benson, though one of the largest is most distressing of all. We were there about one o'clock and two engines pulled us slowly up upon the great tableland to the west of the town whence we could overlook all the scarred and rugged valley. The road from this on passes over the same arid uncultivated kind of country only once striking any show of fertility and that the narrow valley of a little stream where we first saw the tremendous cactus trees as large as barrels and as ugly as sin - the cerens cactus. All day long we have been going over so called passes which have been after all but irregular elevations in the plateau with hills to mark them to the eye as mountain passes. However since the apex of the divide at Dragon summit we have steadily been descending and at last in the middle of the afternoon we reach Tucson where we pass nearly an hour. A town of 10000 inhabitants scattered in adobe and wood houses over a dusty plain with here and there a large block rising. We have seen Indians on top of freight cars with all their luggage and here is quite a nest of them on lumber heaps selling roasted cactus. This indeed is the only thing of interest at Tucson. From this point we go on over a regular plateau with a sonstant gentle decline until darkness shut the landscape out. Miss Frothingham (Mr. Adams cousin) Miss Thomas and Mrs. Gorham dined with us. They are on a Raymond excursion party.

Wednesday May 13

Being anxious to see Yuma and the Colorado I woke up at 1 a.m. and kept awake until we ran into the town. It was starlight and Mr. Lane whom I had roused up and I could make out pretty well what the town looked like, Most of the houses were surrounded by fences made of sticks and had broad verandahs. Electric lights gave us a sight of the penetentiary and we crossed the iron bridge to the sound of the rushing river which dashed against the piers. The river is not broad but seems deep and carries a great volume of water. We were to run across the desert just about day-

break so I was awake again in time to see the level stretch of sand and gravel without a sign of vegetation. The barometer marked 60 metres below the level of the sea and indeed we were crossing the old bed of the gulf of California which would now be a lake if the sea were admitted. A miserably desolate waste it is this desert and when the train runs into the sage hills with their tufts of coarse grass and scrubby bushes the landscape seemed almost fertile. But we were now in the midst of the region where the sandstorms rage and the sand was drifted like snow against the bushes the track and the mountain flanks. Out of this waste of white sand rose on all sides the serrated bare peaks which had been washed clean by storms of ages and waves of sand lapped the very sides of these mountains. Occasionally we passed on the road isolated telegraph stations with water tanks and one was labelled Dry Camp. It was uninhabited and the sand had drifted into the open doorway and was piled up like snow against the house. As we mounted the desert toward the peaks white in the clefts of the summits from a recent storm, we came into the region of gravel and then gradually into the region of profuse vegetation of cactus and low shrubs. The two ranges of the San Jacinto on the South and the San Bernadino on the North were now visibly approaching one another and as we approached the summit of the pass of San Gregorio, which is merely a rising slope like an inclined valley which gets narrower and higher until the water shed is reached, we saw a very comfortable farmhouse of the New England variety with a well irrigated farm of recent clearing around it. This was the first sign of genuine American cultivation we had seen since leaving Texas, and indeed it was the pioneer farm of the pacific slope. From this point on little farms multiplied and each little valley among the rugged mountains had its settler. Great fields of barely wheat and oats surrounded the station of San Gregorio and the valley sloping away to the west was a succession of rich and fertile farms. The civilized trees had supplanted the cactus and the like, thrifty cultivation had made the pass blossom like a rose. Such a relief it was to see such cultivation which had not met our eyes since leaving San Antonio. As we went on new riches of cultivation rapidly disclosed themselves and in the valley where Colton lies with the towns of San Bernadino and Riverside and a host of other garden towns we saw great groves of Eucalyptus and pepper trees and recognised the rich dark foliage of the orange trees. The two

ranges which had approached in the pass separated to a blue distance apart and the whole of the valley was like one great garden except where great patches were still unreclaimed from the original weeds and cactus. The towns along the railway are uninteresting but busy and the stations are piled up with boxed oranges while baskets full are offered for 25 cents by scores of peddlers. Beyond Colton we got off to try our luck at a land excursion at the station of San Gabriel sending the car to Los Angeles. We walked up the dusty road toward the mountains 5 miles or more distant and presently an omnibus overtook us into which we got to drive up to the Sierra Madre villa six miles away. The air was cool almost chilly and the sun shone very brightly. On each side of the road orange groves and vineyards covered hundreds of acres and limes lemons and pomegranate trees made the whole air fragrant with perfumes. We mounted the gentle slope at the foot of the mountain and came out upon a small plateau formed by the original earth covering of the mountain being washed down into the valley. Here stands the hotel, a long rambling low building facing the south overlooking a perfectly ordered garden and a great grove of 4500 orange and lemon trees. Ripe fruit gilded the trees and covered the ground. Limes hung in profusion on the branches and thousands of bushels of lemons loaded down the great rows of these trees. The orange trees are about 6 inches in diameter and are planted in rows about 20 feet apart. They grow to about 30 feet high and bear very richly. We only spent a few moments at the hotel for it is a sanitorium for consumptives one of which we had brought from the station with us far too ill ever to recover. Mr. Adams with Dan Cameron and I had a long conversation with him but we saw no one to interest us. We set off to walk to Pasadena 6 miles distant picking oranges as we went down the road. A lovely walk it was too past many thrifty new farms with neat houses and through immense orange groves. One farm in sight covered 500 acres all in fruit trees. Geraniums, roses and hundreds of other flowers bloomed in great profusion in every door yard and on all sides there ware evidences of wonderful prosperity. Pasadena is a brisk little new town of New England aspect and boasts two hotels, one saloon and several stores. The frequent school houses in this region had already surprised us and we were little prepared to see a genuine New England grammar school building with the scholars playing football alongside it. We engaged a team to carry Mr. Canfield to Los Angeles. 9 miles distant and walked on, We found we were in an

earthly paradise. Perfect cultivation, fine taste in arrangement of plantations and in decoration of driveways etc. Not a weed to be seen and a great profusion of flowers. Along the road were seen a succession of orange groves each with its neat little residence away up on the hill through a vista of fruit laden trees while the blue sides of the mountains made the background to the whole. Wonderfully well trimmed yew and lime hedges bordered the sidewalk and neat rustic seats surrounded the great oak trees or nestled in a shady yew bower inviting the foot passenger to rest. Such a high standard of cultivation I never before saw and we could not believe we were in America. The walk was most delightful always facing a cool wind from the Pacific only a few miles distant. We passed scores of new houses, many tents with the settlers busy in clearing the land from scrub and cactus and at last after crossing a stream and mounting upon the mesa or table land on the other side we saw the houses of Los Angeles in the distance to the Southward.

A perfectly clean and whitewashed German beergarden with the usual accompaniments greeted us as the outpost of East Los A. and we hurried past toward the great electrical light poles that had served as our guide for some time. Through a suburb of houses like beach houses only overgrown with richly blossoming vines and in the midst of clustering geraniums we came to the river crossed by a long rickety wooden bridge into the town proper and the station where the car is, 6.30 just! The time we set to be back. The one striking notion gained from our walk today was the wonderful, unparallelled richness of this region in orange groves and vineyards and the surprising high standard of cultivation. Also the ingignificance of the houses in size, the apparent comfort of the same and the endeavor to beautify both in style of architecture and in surroundings. Most of the houses are but tiny affairs like seashore cottages but the climate demands no better protection and all the money is put into the land and taken out a hundred fold. Almost all the people we met looked like New Englanders. Certainly the houses fitted the people. The scenery reminds me of the Austrian Tyrol.

Thursday May 14. We found the town on driving around it about the worst specimen of a town we had yet seen. All the business portion is crowded with common shops and commoner hotels while the residence part is made up of the worst kind of

carpenter -gothic dwellings and cottages like the seashore structures which are models of hideousness. We drove away out on the hills to see orange orchards and the like and, beside Pasedena, thought them but tame affairs all, indeed, except one orchard of old trees where they were busy packing the fruit and where the irrigation system was in full force, We were glad to get aboard the train and to start away which we did about 2.00.

The road from Los Angeles leads up the valley of a shallow stream winding up for many miles through a rough cañon where the old bed of the road has been recently washed out for several miles and a new bed rebuilt at great expense and trouble. Once at the top of this pass, the Solidad pass, notable more for its desolation more than any other feature the road rapidly descends to the desert where the yucca tree grows in great abundance and where they cut it to be mashed into paper pulp at a little mill which we saw in the pass. Out over this desert for miles we ran at last until a little station which bears the name of Mojave, the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific R.R. with the Southern Pacific-the road we were on. There are only a few insignificant houses at Mojave beside the station and the round house etc. And when we had been there a few moments we saw the reason for it - or a plausible reason at least. Gusts of wind enough to tear the train from the track swept past filling the air with dust. These wind storms are prevalent at this place. As there is no vegetation except cactus and Yucca everything at Mojave has to be brought there. Consequently the wind swept place is strewn with tin cans - a miserable spectacle. From here the road rises in a straight line by a very steep grade into the mountains of the Techachapi pass through a great volcanic crack winding up and up and at last coming out upon a fertile and level plateau past a salt lake over the summit and gently down to the station of the name of the pass. It was now nearly dark but we had light enough to see some of the hills as we ran swiftly down through the wooded gorges crossing high over the track once and then shooting through a tunnel under the point where we were a short time before. It is a pass of picturesque points but nothing remarkable, probably, after all.

Friday May 15. We were at the station of Madera fast asleep when a rap at the car windows and a "Anybody in that car?" awoke us. We hurried to dress and to get our breakfast for we knew that the stage to the Yosemite valley was waiting for us. In

front of the hotel we found the stage, a large barge like affair with four seats facing to the front, each holding 3 people and room beside the driver for two more. A canopy top supported on slender iron rods shaded the seats in the body of the vehicle and hugh leather straps like those in use in old fashioned stage coaches served as springs. We took what seats we could get and were soon rattling off with six fine horses across the rolling prairie toward the distant hills. Immense numbers of ground squirrels scampered away as we passed and almost the only object of interest for the first 12 miles beside these lively little pests was the great flume 54 miles long which brings lumber from a mill in the mountains. It is "V" shaped and about 3 feet deep supported on trestle work. At the 12 mile station we changed horses and almost immediately afterwards struck into the hills, low rocky eminences at first sparsely scattered with oak trees and then after a few miles covered with quite a dense growth of scrub bushes and low pines and oaks. The mountain mahogany with its rich yellow flowers made brilliant spots in the landscape and the red stems of the manganita bush gave a pleasing variety to the growth. It was very dusty and the road twisted and turned in a most unaccountable manner with a steady ascent. We could judge but little of our direction or our altitude owing to the trees and the twisting path but we could occasionally see away to the eastward the snow topped mountains of the Sierras - our destination. After 13 miles of rough road we changed horses again at a station where fig trees grew in abundance and here we saw almost the first cultivated ground - a small garden with some grain fields. Just before we got to the station we passed a little quartz mine - a shaft sunk into the hillside with a rude shed, a little windlass, a pile of rock and a man at work at a small forge. It was a miserable affair and seemed too much like burrowing to be attractive. However for our first gold mine it was a curiosity. The next stage of our journey was still rougher, the trees got larger and the rocks more jagged and at noon we pulled up in Coarse Gold Gulch for dinner. The house and the buildings with the bar and store were all of unpainted wood as indeed are all the houses we saw on the road. The stages from Clarke's met us here and we dusty, anxiously enquired about the road, of the westward bound muddy ones. We washed at the tin basins on the back porch in true American style, vigorously applied the whisk brooms and ate our dinner with a sensation of being more or less clean - chiefly less so. After the dinner was over and we had said good bye to

the blond German Herr Krohn the host, we set off on foot up the rough stream bed by the road and walked a half hour before the stage overtook us. Then I found that Mr Sullivan (of Boston) had gone into the inside on account of the heat and left me the seat on the box beside Mrs. Cochrane whose acquaintance we had made with her husbands at the dinner station. After a while the pines grew larger and larger, the cleared spots were no longer met with and we were fairly in the Sierras. Huge trees, larger than any I had ever seen before, towered up into the air, and we craned our necks to look to the top of them. Great trunks blown over or cut down to make way for the road lay promiscuously on every side. The peculiarity of the woods is the absence of undergrowth and the consequent ease with which one may walk through this wilderness. We changed horses at every 14 miles or so and about 6.30 o'clock came to a station 4½ miles from Clarke's. Here Mr. Adams and I got down and let the stage go on while we walked in. The road descended now the rest of the way and we followed the turnings with rapid step, pausing now and again to listen to the music of the wind in the tree tops and to the rush of distant waterfalls. It grew dark as we were still on the way but we emerged suddenly into a great clearing where we saw the stables with the stages standing near and a great white wooden hotel with adjoining cottages. A small building painted hideously pink but with the general shape of a studio attracted my attention. On nearing it I read over the door on a large sign "Hills Studio", and a notice nailed beside the hotel door invited the guests to visit the studio and inspect the pictures of Thomas Hill. After a good supper and a visit to our rooms in the cottage we called at the studio, saw Mr. Hill who hasn't changed much since I used to know him 15 years ago - neither has his painting improved. He had a great many pictures of various sizes and of various degrees of finish and a collection of cones, skins and other curiosities of the region.

Saturday May 16. A heavy tramp along the piazza roused everybody before it was fairly daybreak and we hurried to dress and get our breakfast. The hotel kept by the Washburns one of whom married Hill's daughter is a very good one, lacking in only one thing - table waiters. We had an excellent breakfast with boiled trout etc. and it tasted all the better for the odour of the pine grown valley and the sound of the rushing South Fork that tumbles over its gravelly bed. It was nearly seven before

We got away, Mr. A., Mr. L and I in a supplementary wagon without a cover. Two uncivil old Englishwomen and a very ostentatiously travelled young man and his wife chattered about the hotel etc. until we got perfectly frantic and got out and walked. The road grew very steep but always remained very interesting. Up and up and around one mountain spur after another we wound until the hills grew blue below us and we opened out a great distant valley, the cañon of the Merced which leads into the Yosemite. Over eight miles we climbed before the stage overtook us and we were not then near the highest point of our ascent. We changed horses once and proceeded to twist and turn along the steep and continually steeper flanks until after the road went over a summit we began to descend. On all sides the great trees scored by forest fires excited our wonder and admiration. Huge cones from one foot to eighteen inches long strewed the ground. The white dog wood shone brightly in the sunlight and the crude yellow moss that covers every dry limb and clothes the north side of all the trees, seemed less out of tone and less raw in the warm light. We approached the great cañon and now looked down upon it through the trees. Rapidly dashing around the curves, along steep precipices and down violent grades we got through the trees directly ahead a glimpse of distant delicate blue and grey that I knew instantly was the valley. A moment later and we drew up at Inspiration point and to the east of us and far below lay the valley all shimmering in the sunshine. It was a great disappointment for its size was not in the least apparent neither was the beauties of its individual features. We pausdd but a little while and then dashed down the road, stopping a moment to see the view from Artists point, a much more favorable point of observation. As we descended the cliffs seemed to grow in magnitude. El Capitan soon took its position as an object of commanding size. The half dome loomed up grandly in the distance and the valley seemed to widen out. We were at the foot of the descent in a few moments after leaving Inspiration point and shortly stood in front of the Bridal veil fall after spinning past the cathedral rocks in amazement at their great height and peculiar formation and the Ribbon fall opposite. There was plenty of water in the streams for patches of snow still lingered in full sight on the mountain tops. So the Bridal veil was in perfection and a great volume of water came thundering down the 900 feet dashed into white foam and and rushed into the Merced over a rocky bed. A

little further along the Sentinel rock rose grandly before and above us and the Sentinel fall, a slender stream of water leaping in a series of cascades from the summit of the cliff made the air resound with its roaring. Across the valley to the left we now saw the Yosemite Fall with its first grand plunge of 1600 feet and then with its cascades and second drop of a thousand more. I found it utterly impossible to realize these measurements. As we stood on the piazza of Cooke's hotel - a low rambling wooden house built to accommodate summer visitors, a primitive but fairly satisfactory place - I should have said the the fall was perhaps 300 feet high. So deceptive is all measurement in the valley. Mr. Adams and I after dinner - three thirty o'colck - took saddle horses and rode along the highway up the valley. Passing quite a settlement with photographers shop, ~~entertainment~~ hotel and "studio" we struck into the woods, noticing richly cultivated meadows across the stream and enjoying the smell of the woods, the song of the birds and the grand cliffs rising heavenward. Reaching a bridal path we pursued it and soon struck into the primeval forest. The path was a rough and rugged one, very narrow and tortuous but the horses were evidently accustomed to it and climbed confidently. In a half an hour after a most enjoyable ascent near the brawling stream we came within sight of the Vernal fall, hitched our horses and scrambled along the footpath away out into the mud of the bank where the spray strikes to see the fall at our leisure. The great roaring of water, the complete desolation and wildness and the sense, however false, that we were discoverers of the spot made it an hour of peculiar enjoyment not unmixed with awe. We picked our way back to the valley, rode up to the mirror lake - a small sheet of water enough but one set in natural surroundings with few traces of man's destructive hand about it - and saw the great domes reflected in its surface. The ride back disclosed more fertile areas than we had not known of before and gave us, as well, new and fresh views of the valley. The scenery grew on me, the unparallelled magnitude of everything is beginning to make itself felt and understood somewhat.

Sunday May 17. We had planned an excursion to the top of the Y.S. fall and Eagle Peak chiefly because as Mr. Adams refused to climb mountains I thought we might as well work off our surplus animal spirits by doing the most difficult feat. Across the valley the cliff seemed to rise perpendicularly. Two rows of green cut across it ularly of one into the Kings river country where there are found the largest trees in

almost on a level with the top of the lower fall and the bottom of the upper one respectively but they apparently gave no foothold for a horse nor even for a man. However we three with a guide, Archie Leonard, rode off at 8.30 and in a few moments entered the low growth that hides the pile of debris at the foot of the cliff. Through this the path zigzagged up rapidly and the first thing we knew we were far above the valley. Now we climbed by a series of turns a regular zig zag stairway up a sand slide and entered another wood. We were on the second shelf which from below is apparently impassible. To the unaccustomed rider the path was next to impossible but we climbed on, the valley getting bluer and bluer below us until after a long pull over the edge of precipices and among rocks we came out at the foot of the upper fall and gazed into the great black dripping chasm where the white foam dashes from the rock 1600 feet above. It was a most gruesome and impressive sight and this great and irresistible power of the falling water apparent as it was to us in our dizzy perch was almost frightful to think of. From this point we could realize the immense height both of our position and of the fall. The path from the foot of the fall winds up by a rapid, very rapid ascent in a notch between the cliffs where pine trees grow on the debris collected for ages, all jagged rocks and gravel. In 2 hours after leaving the valley we were on the rocks at the very top, 2600 feet and then by a rather difficult climb - though nothing remarkable we stood on an overhanging rock where by leaning over one piece about the size of a saratoga trunk we could look directly down the whole length of the great fall into the depths of the black chasm and the blue valley below. Only a few moments we paused here, laughing at Canfield because he did not dare to take the climb along the edge of the precipice, ate our lunch beside a mountain rivulet and were off again up a valley among pine trees and over a series of ascents to a rich little meadow (Eagle meadow) now all marshy and boggy, to the great snow patches among the pines, across these and still up to the bare rock summit where boulders were piled in a wonderful manner to make a sharp peak 4000 feet above the floor of the valley. Leaving our horses hitched to the last pine it was the work of but a few moments to reach the top and we fairly overhung the valley for the rock summit was the top of an awful precipice. Such a sight as spread out below us I shall never forget. Away to the East lay in white jagged ranks the snow summits of the high Sierras half hidden by an approaching storm. Below, far below shimmered the valley all fertile and the mountains and they told of most enticing excursions across the Sierras and particularly of one into the Kings river country where there are found the largest trees in

attractive with its emerald winding river and the waterfalls on all sides. Not being very fond of high views I did not expect to be at all impressed by this one but I had to marvel at the magnificence of the prospect and the awful grandeur of the landscape. Climbing out to another point we could see the 3 brothers peaks at a dizzy distance below us and got an extensive view of the whole valley. Time passed rapidly-and the first thing we knew it began to hail. Off we went at 2 O'clock exactly hurrying to get to the bottom. Rain and hail now fell together but on we went filled with wonder at the views opening out below us as we went. Part of the time at a gallop, often across paths where we were almost afraid to walk as we came up, now dismounting to drag our horses along and now mounting to dash up some crooked path or along under a cliff. In 1¾ hours we were at the hotel after 9½ miles descent. We beat the record of all previous descents and could scarcely believe it as we looked back at our apparently impossible path. As I stood wondering at the courage of the man who first laid the path - the roughest in the valley - a huge rock detached itself from the cliff and with a noise like a volley of musketry fell down and struck the growth in the slope of debris below, ploughing its way with loud crashing sounds through the trees and raising a great cloud of dust. If we had been coming down the path we would have been in a great state of terror.

A roaring wood fire in the parlor dried our wet clothes and we had a late dinner after a rainy afternoon. Mr. Adams in spite of his scorn of climbing, went up to the Navada falls and came back some wet and much disgusted and heated. Most of the rest of the people in the hotel went to Glacier point - the stock trip. Women, girls, children all take this ride and it is said to be a very good path but with some"scarey"points on it. The great drawback to all these Yosemite excursions is that every body does them and most accomplish the various feats for the sake of telling about it afterwards, comparing sensations of fright.

Monday May 18.

Last evening I spent a few moments in the hotel barroom listening to the talk of the old settlers and guides. Thomas Hill was there and very good friends with them all and drew them out well. The talk turned chiefly on various trips over the mountains and they told of most enticing excursions across the Sierras and particularly of one into the Kings river country where there are found the largest trees in

the world one of them 40 feet in diameter. The types of these men are well worth studying and are the most interesting of any I have yet met in America. Their dress is more dirty than picturesque, however, and that makes them unfit for pictures. The few Indians that hang about the valley catch trout for a living - and a good living it is too, for they get 20 cents a pound and often make $3 or $4 a day. We left the hotel at 6 this morning we four in a special waggon which cost by the way $75.00 in addition to the $45 apiece for stage tickets. The sun was shining brightly after the storm of yesterday and as we went along toward the foot of the valley the great cliffs stood up in bold relief in masses of light and shadow. Halfway up El Capitan, growing on the flat face of the cliff in a small crevice is a pine 200 feet high. From the road it appears about 10 feet at most. As we went up the steep climb out of the valley every turn disclosed new beauties of scenery. By the morning light the Merced cañon was very attractive and the various falls appeared more beautiful than they did the day we passed them. A more delightful ride I have never taken than that morning in the Sierras, the odours of the pine and the flowers, the song of the birds and the music of the treetops gave us most agreeable sensations. The sun streamed through the open forest flecking the road with bright spots and shadows and through the trees we could see the distant mountains and the shining valleys far below. I picked some of the largest cones as a souvenir and we had an occasional stroll in the road. But before we had done the 25 miles to Clarke's our hunger rather put an end to our enjoyment and we longed for our dinner. No time was lost on arriving for they jangled the great triangle as soon as they saw us approaching. Immediately after dinner the whole party set off to visit the Mauposa grove of big trees Mr A. and I in a small waggon with a pair of horses. It is 9 miles to the trees and over a rough road ascending all the way. About 3 miles and it began to rain and hail violently and we huddled together holding blankets over us in place of an umbrella. The severity of the storm spoiled all enjoyment of the scenery but we had the satisfaction of seeing the sunshine just as we came to the edge of the first group of trees. There are about 300 altogether and are

roughly divided into two groups about a mile apart one higher up the mountain than the other and, indeed, near the very top. The first we saw were about 10 feet through, then along the winding road several others towered up for 250 feet or more and at last we came into an open glade where the "grizzly Giant" 31 feet through stands - a monumental mass of living wood. This like most of the others is scarred by fire but as you stand below it and look up and see the great 6 foot branches in a confused network 200 feet above and the grand column of the trunk stretching up like some gigantic temple column - it is a very impressive spectacle. The upper grove contains all of the famous trees named after Lincoln, Longfellow etc., the fallen monarch 41 feet through and a prostrate tree which we mounted by a ladder and also the one with an archway through which the stage drives. We went about among them all and at last stopped and talked awhile with the keeper of the Grove and bought bark, a cone and some planks from him one of which I intend to carry to Tadema for his new house. The rain had made the roads almost impassible, it was very cool as it has been, indeed, since we left Mexico, and our return trip was only made enjoyable by the second view of the Giant and the lower grove. The chief peculiarity of this kind of tree is its bark which is of a burnt sienna color and its wood is like red cedar, very light in weight and red in color. The cones are very small.

We reached the hotel at 5 and walked a bit before dinner. A more bedraggled and soaked party has never been seen than the one that made the Big Tree excursion this afternoon.

Tuesday May 19.

Mr A and I set off together in the same waggon with the same driver, Mike, a half-breed. The road was heavy for the first ten miles or so but we went along well and passed Fresno Flats a characteristic Californian settlement about 10 o'clock 22 miles away. From near here Mr A. and I walked over the next mountain and when fairly over, took a supposed "short cut" which brought us to a mountain ranch from which we readily reached the road again. - but Mr A. insisted that I had lost the

-gners go and sit on their stage, and seem to like it. Their drama is a

way and pitched into me accordingly. It was somewhat dusty in the neighbourhood of the dinner station but we got through without much discomfort and with fresh horses started off to do the remaining 37 miles. It was 7.30 before we reached the car at Madera. It really did seem like home to us. Mr & Mrs Cochrane and Mr Sullivan of Boston dined with us.

Wednesday May 20

The fertile valley of San Joaquin was the landscape that met our eyes on waking - for the train started from Madera at 2:56 a.m. - and it was indeed an agreeable sight. Not an inch seemed uncultivated and on every side were evidences of great prosperity. While we were watching the farms and speculating on the numbers of the windmills we suddenly saw among the meadows the sails of a large schooner. It was a vessel on the bay that stretches inland back of Oakland. Soon we were on the shore of this landlocked bay and the train stopped at frequent way stations where pretty country residences clustered near the depot and crowds of people got on board the train. We ran around the corner of the peninsular always seeing new landscapes with the water and the distant mountains and stopped at Oakland - a new busy city and unattractive as far as we could judge. From here piers a mile long reach out into the bay toward San Francisco and the train ran down onto one of these where a ferryboat came in to take passengers. We did not go by the first boat but waited a while and took a boat about noontime - an immense ferryboat with a thoroughly Californian crowd aboard. The women were all dressed in a loud style and carried themselves with a fast sort of air. The men appeared nervous and active but satisfied and happy enough. Altogether it was a characteristic crowd. We landed at the foot of market street and walked up to the Palace Hotel an immense birdcage of an iron structure about half a mile distant. There was nothing striking in the first view of S.F. It is busy and prosperous looking at least in Market and some of the other chief streets, but most of the houses are low and there is little noteworthy architecture. It is very much indeed like a new town. The cable cars on Market St. double affairs with half of the car open, were the only novelty we saw. To see these going along with no - ones go and sit on their stage and seem to like it. Their drama is a

apparent motor power is quite astonishing. The sensation of riding in them is, as we soon proved by a trip the whole length of California street, most agreeable. There are no poor animals to excite our pity and the joggle and giggle of the ordinary car almost entirely done away with. Along part of the road over which we went are situated the immense wooden palaces of the mining and railway kings, the most vicious and obtrusive splurges of carpenters gothic I ever saw. They are monuments of bad taste and pretentiousness and their hideousity is exaggerated by the bad iron statuary that they are fond of using as decoration, together with awful wood carvings. From Oakland the city of S.F. is a cluster of low grey looking houses in a valley stretching away on all sides and sprinkling houses away up in the brown hills to the South and West and over the steep sandy bluff to the North (Telegraph Hill). It looks ragged and unfinished even from a distance and on a near view this impression is strengthened. On California street after passing the Nabob's houses the buildings are rather insignificant and as far as one can see down into the city from this great eminence the streets are all likewise uninteresting. We walked (Mr Lane and I) over the hill tops to the point above the Government reservation whence we could see the harbor and the Golden Gate, the cemeteries, the huge sand hills beyond, drifting in the strong wind and still further away the Pacific Ocean all shining in the sun and lashed by the wind. This evening Mr L., Mr Cochrane and I went with a detective (so called) all over the Chinese quarter - a trip usually taken by strangers. Chinatown so called is comprised in a small space bounded by California, Stockton, Pacific and Kearney sts. Once in this region and there is a marvellous transformation of an American city into a Chinese one. The facades of the houses have had balconies added to them, various Chinese appliances have been added both outside and in and a stock of cheap Chinese goods have been displayed in the windows. Chinese apothecaries solemnly cut up herbs and compound drugs, comfortable looking Chinamen sit and smoke in barbers shops while their heads are being shaven, on all sides we heard strange cries and wierd barbaric music steals down from

tired we go away. Truly the Chinese are queer enough. They [illegible]
-gners go and sit on their stage and seem to like it. Their drama is a

balconies and upper stories. Grotesque lanterns and decorations trans-
form ordinary houses into barbaric palaces, crowds of men and women and
children swarm in the streets all dressed in their native dress except
most of the men wear low crowned soft felt hats. We passed through
alleyways overhung with balconies and shutters and signs. Turning down
a narrow side street we entered a small room where a crowd of eagēr men
and one woman played dominoes around a long table with a great deal of
talk and much gesticulation. They paid little attention to us but went
on with their incomprehensible game. From here we went to various cur-
ious places among others we put our heads into a cellar which extends
far underground and serves as dwelling houses. In the room we saw a
haggard old man and countless dirty people with a confused mass of furn-
iture, rags, cooking utensils and filth of all kinds. The stench was
most suffocating so we quickly got out again satisfied with our visit.
The "joss house" we visited of course and examined the smoky dingy and
uncouth gods at our ease and quite unmolested except at the end by the
keeper who sold us incense. There are a number of these gods each in his
own niche and each has his cup of tea, his burning incense et. The det-
ective showed us beside several of the gods' cases full of slips of wood
on which were written numbers or mottoes. These he said were drawn from
with proper worship of the gods and the action of the worshipper directed
accordingly. The medicine god is supposed to cure the sufferer by dir-
ecting the slip he draws, and the number on this matches a number on part-
icularly prepared drugs kept in the apothecary stores. There was much
rich carving and gilding in the joss house and the interior was very
sombre and rich in color. In several of the eating houses we entered
we saw men smoking opium all in a reclining position in little alcoves
generally in pairs and at last we visited a regular opium joint where the
drug is sold and smoked. A long underground room with a counter at the
entrance had along one side a row of small alcoves with a raised divan
on which in each alcove were two chinamen with their heads supported on
wooden benches. One had his pipe and a lamp of peculiar make stood be-
tween them. The opium is taken from a little horn box on the end of a

long needle, is burned and dried in the flame of the lamp until it becomes a thick gum and then it is forced into the minute hole in the top of the pipe and this is held over the flame of the lamp. The smoker inhales the smoke in one deep long breath, ejects it through his nose and prepares another bit of opium. One pipeful only makes one puff. The only effect of the opium we saw was a sleepy happy look on the faces of the smokers and there was little or nothing repulsive in the performance. One of the restaurants attacted us by the music of the band and we went upstairs and looked around, listened a while to the barbaric sounds of voice and rude instruments and then called for tea. The tea was brought in cups full of grounds and strained into other cups by means of a curious cover. With the tea came great quantities of sweetmeats and nuts. The furniture was of teak finely carved and the tables were usually of the Charles I pattern. The tea was excellent, the music curious but atrocious and the cooking arrangements of a primitive kind and a highly improved variety combined in a strange manner. Altogether Chinatown is a revelation and unless I had seen it I could never imagine it. The novelty of the sight was so great that we lingered until near midnight.

Thursday May 21.

After breakfast we walked to the S.P.RR station and went into the Company's office where we met Gov.(ex) Leland Stanford who invited us to visit him at Palo Alto on our return from Monterey whither we were bound. The car was on the rear of the train as usual having been brought over from Oakland by ferry. The road to Monterey leads through most beautiful valleys passing some of the most fertile and famous farming spots in the State. San José famous for wine etc. is on the road and appeared to be a most flourishing town. It was early in the afternoon when we arrived at Monterey and found a fine carriage and a beautiful pair of horses waiting for us. We drove up first to the El Monte hotel a wonderful establishment built by the S.P.RR.Co. and capable of holding 500 guests. The grounds are wonderfully well laid out and are well shaded by live oak, eucalyptus etc. etc. All sorts and kinds of plants are in a great state of cultivation there and the rich lawns

tired we go away. Truly the Chinese are queer enough. They let foreigners go and sit on their stage and seem to like it. Their drama is a

extend under the trees for long distances. All this beauty of artificial ~~beauty~~ landscape has to be kept drenched in water from the reservoir both day and night the soil is so sandy. Indeed the whole place is but a skilful reclaiming of the wilderness and the sand hills as we found out the moment we left the grounds and started on the celebrated 17 mile drive. Great domes of drifting sand border the ocean and are now thickly planted with pine trees about 2 feet high. Even this plantation stops the drifting and in time grass will grow there. The Old town of Monterey is all Mexican with adobe buildings and the usual tumbledown aspect of such towns. The old house formerly the state house is interesting as well as the customhouse on which the U.S. flag was first raised in this region. Just beyond the town on the beach is an open air whale oil factory - great kettles ranged along the beach. A cluster of huts and a row of boats near this make up the settlement. The whales are caught right in the bay and we could see one spouting as we went past the village. The wind was blowing furiously and the bay looked angry enough and we were glad when the road turned into the pines - curious trees which bear cones on the main stem often encircling the trunk with a ring of them. The Company have 1500 acres enclosed and full of deer and wild birds which may not be shot and are consequently very tame. We saw jack rabbits and quail in quantities but no deer. After a few miles through the wood the road - very finely macadamized all the way - comes out on Cypress point, a rocky point jutting away out into the Pacific. Here we not only saw the two fine bays of Carmel and Monterey but the broad Pacific all lashed with the fierce wind. The chief object of interest however is the great grove of wind distorted cypress trees which exist here alone in America, and are found in the old world only in Egypt. They take remarkable shapes, oftentimes the limbs are as flat as planks and the tops like umbrellas. These queer trees with the deep blue water and white sand make the most picturesque landscape I have seen since leaving home. We reached the hotel cold and cross and enjoyed the huge wood fire in the hall before inspecting the house. It is a perfect hotel, no smells, no dirt all painted white inside and with no end of large windows in furniture etc and the cook deserves a medal.

and sun basking spots. We dined in the car.

Friday May 22nd. The train was on the road when we awoke. About 11 o'clock we reached the station of Menlo Park and found Gov. Leyland Stanford waiting for us in his char-a-banc with a magnificent pair of horses. He drove us up to the house thence to the stables where he keeps 500 head of horses and is raising a herd of mixed American and English thoroughbreds for trotting and running. The buildings cover 70 acres and are models of neatness. In our walk through the miles of stables etc. we never smelt the horsey odour once. The famous trotters and stallions are kept by themselves. Such a display I never saw. Hinda Rose a famous trotter had lace curtains to her window, a looking glass on the wall with all sorts of horse trinkets hung around it. It was a famous sight to see these beautiful specimens of horseflesh all full of life and fire. Gov S. explained their points fully to us and we were much edified and instructed. We saw some young trotters being taught the gait on a minature track and some of the best speeders at work on the mile course. Here still stand the buildings which were put up to take the now famous photographs of the "Horse in Motion". Gov S. talked very bitterly about Muybridge the photographer who took them. The most interesting part of the horse show was the sight of the brood-mares and colts. We drove into the field among them and they gathered around and enjoyed being petted by us. 17 [illegible] thoroughbred English mares came over this fall. I noticed that Gov S. spoke to his men as Mr Marvin and Mr Walsh etc. It also struck me that there was no loud talking and nothing but kindness used toard the animals. They are all very gentle.

We took luncheon at the house, Mrs. S being away we did not see her. The house small and perfectly buried in vines and flowers. All sorts of trees grew in the gardens and Gov. S. has an ambition to have all kinds of trees which will flourish in this climate. The piazza of the house is delightful, the interior comfortable but in execrable taste in furniture etc and the cook deserves a medal. Gov. S. talked a great

deal about his only son who died 2 years ago in Florence of Roman fever. This loss has changed all his plans and he says he is going to give his property to a school. He has 1500 acres here and 4500 up the valley almost all vineyards. The vineyards here produced 7 tons to the acre. The Gov. has a queer look in the eye. I don't think I would trust him. He is a coarse type and speaks indifferently well with rather a wild grammar .

After luncheon he drove us all about to the residences of other rich men who seem to abound in this vicinity. Flood's great white mausoleum-like palace has beautiful grounds as have many others. This is the garden of the world. For some miles here the mountains shield the valley from cold winds and the soil is unsurpassed . Irrigation is necessary. Gov.S. has a reservoir of 20 acres to irrigate his farm. He is worth about 50 millions. We reached San Francisco about 6 o'clock.

Mr. Lane and I went to the Chinese theatre in the evening and made some purchases in the shops, opium pipes etc. The theatre is arranged much like an ordinary one as far as the auditorium goes. But the stage is shallow and no scenery is used. Behind the players is a table and 2 chairs with slips of red cloth on them, and behind these are the musicians - the same ones we saw at the restaurant. Two figures enter one from each door at the back either side of the band. They go through various incomprehensible conversations and semi-gymnastic performances and partly sing and partly speak. Suddenly they go out and a most fantastically dressed man with hideously painted face comes in and prances about a while. Meanwhile we calmly go up and sit down on one end of the stage near the players and look down on a sea of upturned Chinese faces. Children run about and play on the stage as the performance is going on and cluster near us and plague each other until cries are heard. It is a most primitive and queer performance. The great red lanterns etc. seem quite in character so do the queer people in the audience and the square faced woman in the balcony. When we are tired we go away. Truly the Chinese are queer enough. They let foreigners go and sit on their stage and seem to like it. Their drama is a

mystery to me.

Saturday May 23rd.

Gov. Perkins, Mr Haggin, Mr Jackson and Mr Hitchcock (of the U.P.) takes us in the tug Katy out to see the bay and harbour. We visited first the steamers of the Oregon Navigation Company, among others the State Of California and found her very fine and comfortable. She looks fast. Then we took a turn around to see the famous old China , the old paddle boat, and thence to see Villards 350000 steamer which he had built for Paget sound. As she burns a hundred tons of coal a day and can carry no freight she isn't worth much. Mr Haggin left us here. He is one of the richest men in the world and owns 500000 acres in California beside a mine of immense value. He looks like a Turk both in build and in face. Short, dark skinned and with white hair and beard - a peculiarly solemn face too with never a smile for anyone. Gov Perkins we liked very much and we gladly went down to the yacht club house and lunched. The house is in a sheltered spot at Saucelito across the bay and has beautiful grounds. Passing near the termini of the two railways that go up the coast valleys we ran across under the island of Alcatraz to the wharf. Mr Adams and I went shopping in Chinatown but got nothing for he chaffed the salesmen so they would not trade with him. The Chinaman has such an imperfect knowledge of the language that he often misunderstands chaff for earnest talk and as he is usually indifferent to trade (or appears so at least) he often puts up his goods and will not sell.

I expect Lily Lou and the children sailed from New York on the Adriatic today just about the time that we were poking the tugs nose out into the Pacific and steaming around the beautiful landlocked bay. I hope they won't have such a strong wind as we had. We learn of the robbery of the ingoing Yosemite stage on Wednesday, near Clarkes.

Sunday May 24.

Another shopping excursion to Chinatown and a lot of pipes etc. as a result. We took the cable road to the Golden Gate Park and the steam cars from there to the Cliff house, through miles of

drifting sand partly planted with grass and little pine trees. From the Cliff House piazza we, with hundreds of others, watched the seal rocks with the squirming mass of seals and the grunts and barks and splashes of the monsters with a loud smell of fish came up to us. A good breakfast in the hotel put us in s good humor and we almost forgot the wind on our way home. We went up to visit the old Mission Dolores on our way back and found only the interior and façade left. The rest had been long since enclosed in a wooden covering. The altars etc. inside are interesting and the two storeyed facade with the hills. A large and neglected catholic cemetary is on one side of it and a huge ugly new brick church on the other.

From here we went to Black Point by a series of changes and called on General John Pope, spending a couple of hours there. Mrs Pope is a beautiful woman and has a son a junior in Harvard beside three others. She sold me some china plates which an old man left with her for disposal. Gen Pope is short and is an ordinary type not very military looking. The house is beautifully situated with a view of the bay and a great quantity of flowers. Mrs Pope and I had a very pleasant time together while Mr Adams talked the war with Gen Pope.

I called on Albert Washburnes family (he was not at home) and later on Virgil Williams. Found the latter asleep but saw his wife. They appeared to be rather uncomfortable in lodgings - bohemian, but not attractive. We left our cards for various people at the clubs who had sent us invitations etc. then Mr Lane and I went to Chinatown again and made more purchases. We were by this time well acquainted and spent an hour or two in one shop drinking tea and talking. We bought tepots etc.

Monday May 25

Left the ferry at 7.40 for Tiburon en route for the geysers. Albert Washburn came on the boat and crossed with us. I should never have known him. His mother I saw last night in bed ill but he says she has had the same difficulty 20 years. The road from Tiburon leads through a pleasant valley past San Rafael up into the Russian river valley all filled with vineyards to the town of Cloverdale a typical Californian

village. An anti-monopolist steam printer by name of Cubery entertained us all the way up. He learned his trade of Houghton and although to all appearances prosperous enough and undoubtedly honest and upright - he impressed me as a man who would become a monopolist if he could. We reached Cloverdale the end of the line at 11: 20 and dined in the U.S. hotel - kept by a German. Indeed germans seem to abound here. The stage came up at 12.30, an opensided four horse conveyance like those at the Yosemite. The driver was a young man with a decided red nose. The road for the first ten miles or so was dusty hilly and not picturesque but after we crossed the stream and went up the cañon on the south side the trees increased in size and the scenery grew wilder so that the last six miles was an agreeable and not too dusty drive. Within a mile of the hotel we began to see streaks of white, green and pale yellow on the dry hillsides and the cañon, eight hundred feet deep below. The road was scorched and volcanic looking. Suddenly the road dropped fairly into the hotel yard and we landed. A vine covered, shady and agreeable rambling house. Great trees in front, a wooded hillside behind. Opposite across a stream running through a cañon 50 or 60 feet deep are brown hillsides with a scanty sprinkling of trees and a small cañon, half hidden by a nearer hill ash color yellow and white. From this we see a feather of steam drifting up. This is the Geysers. After a brief pause we went down into the cañon abd took a steam bath in a primitive wooden bath house with a steam room, several showers and a plunge. The steam room was strongly impregnated with sulphur for the steam is led directly into this room from the rocks along the stream on which the house stands. A miner from Fresno was the attendant - an old Welshman - He engaged to work for his board for 3 months, having a severe case of rheumatism. In two weeks time, the day we met him, he was already very much better. He spends all his time in the bath house and even sleeps there. We found the bath most agreeable and afterwards went up stream where steam is blowing out in various places and several boiling springs of more or less importance. It seemed very strange to see boiling water

View and that view, this and that Spring, Devil's workshop, Devil's
car now and had a special dinner with a bill of fare which is here attach-

bubbling from a rock and a jet of steam like the exhaust pipe of an engine issuing from a mass of ash-like earth. After dinner we, (Mr L. and I), made a trip across the river into the geyser cañon. It was a matter of some difficulty to escape from the old bore of a guide, an English, or Welshman hired to run things there by the proprietress of the property. He dogged all our steps afraid we should get over to the geysers without his help and he therefore lose his fee of 50 cents. Under cover of a visit to the swimming bath Mr L. and I took a ~~took~~ cross cut and struck the path that leads to the cañon. It is a crooked way but by no means difficult and only about ½ mile from hotel to the cañon. We followed the path along the black stream - a foot or two wide only - between the steep banks of the cañon whence steam issued from a thousand holes and incrusted the earth with alum, sulphur and magnesia. One little spring near the stream bubbled forth liquid like ink in color and taste, another boiled out sulphuric acid water another a mixture of iron and chemicals like ~~M~~ eyewater (the spring is so called) and one great pool six feet or so in width was boiling in spurts 6 or 8 inches high, and the water was at boiling point. Part of the way, the path sometimes scarcely discernable among the sulphur and salts, led over hollow sounding pumice stone rocks, and holes 2 to 6 inches in diameter sent forth hot steam filling the air so as to hide our road. But we pushed on and stopped so see everything and listen at all the unearthly noisy orifices until darkness came on so rapidly that we had to retrace our steps. In the dusk the cañon was darkly impressive and the steam so thick in the cool evening air that we could not see a step of the path. Only 2 guests beside our party are here.

Tuesday May 26

According to agreement with the old bore and fraud of a guide we got up at 5.30 and (6 of us) started with him to see the geysers. From the very start he began to boss us about directing our steps etc. ~~etc~~ etc. and one by one we began to keep away from him much to his disgust and disappointment. "I believe you will rush me through in 40 minutes" was his plaint. Such a bore as he was! Talking about this

View and that view, this and that Spring, Devil's workshop, Devil's

our now and had a special dinner with a bill of fare which is here a rarity

laboratory etc. Lane and I were as good guides as he but we said nothing and followed on. The only new thing we saw was a larger blowhole than in the cañon and this was in the hill above. We were glad when we were rid of the old guide and we speedily betook ourselves to the swimming bath - a pool in the river with dam and bathing house - to refresh ourselves after the hot walk. Last night the old man said that it would take two hours to see the geysers. We put in only 40 minutes with the Guide. Mr L. and I only 20.

We left the hotel at 8:30 Mr A. and I on foot for a mile or so and then the stage overtook us. It was a four horse one driven by Charles Foss a famous driver son of a famous driver. The first six miles and a half was up a steep winding road first through the cañon past Little Geysers and then over a mountain top 1800 feet above the place we left which is in turn 1800 feet above the sea. At the summit of the mountain which it took us 2 hours to climb a most extensive view suddenly spread out before us. The whole Russian river valley with the sharp peak of Mt St. Helena to the left and away south in the distance the ragged top of Mt Ia overlooking San Francisco bay where the fog hung as we looked. Foss now began to show his skill as a driver but the horses were tired and they did not show much speed. We changed them at Pine Flat where we tried some awful spruce beer and examined a great stock of petrified wood , crystals, cones etc. all at an exorbitant price. At this point the road descends by a series of very sharp and steep curves over the ravines and cañons. The driver let his horses go on the run only pulling them up when a bad place was seen on the road. We dashed down at a breakneck pace whisked along by four fresh animals. We made the first 3 miles in 13 minutes and the first 5 in 22 minutes. At the end of this dash the driver let his horses breathe. He himself was much excited and exhilarated by the feat and had probably never done it quicker or better. He is perhaps 30 years of age and the best driver we have met yet. The road out is better by far than the road into the Geysers and we enjoyed it hugely. At the head of Knights valley we stopped for a few moments at the Geyser Tonic car now and had a speedy dinner with a bill of fare which is here attach-

Cellars a large vineyard and wine press in stone buildings and saw the machinery and tasted the wine. The proprietor has 120 acres of vineyard much of it has been spoiled for this years crop by frost and by grasshoppers which abound here now. From here down the road was not very interesting but the driver was entertaining and the miles rapidly rolled past and we changed horses again at the 21 mile station about 12:30 and took another driver to Calistoga, the terminus of the R.R. in Napa valley. Here we found the car and had our luncheon. The train left at two and we ran down to Napa junction a small place in view of the great bay of San Francisco and thence by a branch road., to Suisun where we met the Atlantic express. The road from here to Sacramento is over an immense wheat field like a great green sea dotted here and there with groups of farm buildings always with a windmill, looking like islands with lighthouses. About 6 o'clock we crossed the rushing Sacremento river and reached the town directly after. We had a half hour while the passengers were eating to run about the town a little and we got a fair idea of it. Balconies and piazzas prevail and gave it a decided character not unlike that of a Mexican town. The great white state house is the dominating building and is seen from a great distance. There are a great number of fine residences in the suburbs but we saw only a few from the train. The town is perfectly flat. There was a full moon shining and I arranged with the brakeman to wake me up when we got into the Sierras. But I needed no waking up for I was already awake when about midnight we reached Cape Horn a projecting mountain flank whence a fine view is had of the great slope with the distant Sacramento valley. In the moonlight it was sublime. So was the great wooded cañon of the American River, an enormously deep gorge all timber to the very edge of the rushing river at the bottom.

Wednesday May 27

At 3.30 in the morning we came to the snow sheds over Lake Donner and when these annoying structures permitted a view I could look down upon the desolate scene of the starvation of 19 emigrants in

Nov. '46. The lake is ragged looking and desolate even in the early

car now and had a special dinner with a bill of fare which is here attach-

morning light. About 4 o'ck we came to Truckee a great lumber station where cords and acres of lumber are stacked near the saw mills. Here we had to contemplate the row of wooden shanties facing the track on each side for two hours waiting for a stage to take us to Tahoe city. However it came at last driven by a very agreeable man by name Church. The road, 15 miles, is through the valley of the Trukee river and as we went along they sent down with a great rush of water from dams above quite a float of logs all on the way to the mills. The road is nearly level although it gradually rises to Tahoe city. We reached this place at 9 o' clock and as we came up scarcely having watched to our satiety the great snow tops each side of us, we saw before us a beautiful sheet of water with a border of high serrated snow peaks all reflected in the smooth surface of the lake. The city is but a hotel, a saloon and two or three other houses so we hurried down to the wharf and met the Captain of the steamer Todman, an old sailor who is proud of his new boat and particularly so of a very neat and well stocked bar aboard. The Todman is a fast smooth going propeller, built to carry about 50 and we soon, (being the only passengers) got intimate enough with the captain and had all his yarns. He stopped at one station on the lake while we bought some trout scooped by a net from a deep hole or box, pointed out all the places of interest and made himself agreeable generally. We soon made the acquaintance of a couple of Swedish engineers on board and beer was the result, and more beer much to the Captain's delight. So passed our trip with an occasional stop to deliver freight. A delightful panorama of mountains, smooth emerald and turquoise water and irridescent effects and marvellous reflections. Emerald bay, a small bay with a tumbling cascade and a rocky island is most beautiful. A few pleasure cottages are seen on the lake side, but it is mostly wild and no signs of man are seen except at the infrequent stations of the boat. We had a genuine American dinner at a little hotel in Glenbrook and our meal was made interesting by the appearance of miner who made great objection to a waiter laughing at our remarks and ended up by going into the kitchen and having an awful row

We left in the middle of it, the only passengers by the stage.

~~We left in the middle of it, the only passengers by the stage.~~ our car." and "Truth is mighty. Then why lie!" All catch phrases in the car now and had a special dinner with a bill of fare which is here attach-

Fifteen miles of very dreary country with the wood all cut off and through an awfully desolate canon brought us to the plain. There was a wood flume with violently running water carrying great quantities of wood to Carson and this alone served to amuse us en route. At Carson City - a straggling town with a capital building dominating over the whole we found the car and then took a buggy for the State Prison. This is in the side of the valley 1½ miles from the city and the yard is quarried out of a ledge that has evidently been mud thrown out of the volcanoes behind it and solidified into stone. The quarries have disclosed the old mud shores of the lake and here are seen in wonderful preservation the tracks of elephants, men, wolves, deer, birds and tiger. They found the fossilized body of the elephant and we could see distinctly where it lay. From the peculiar situation of the place we could readily understand the geological changes and our interest in the spot was heightened by studying the mechanism of the old geysers. The tubes, air chambers and puff holes are all disclosed by quarrying the rock away. Clefts in the bedrock occur at frequent intervals and are of unknown depth. A rock dropped into them makes no sound. On the lower part of the yard the water is also very hot. The warden of the prison was very attentive and showed us all around the place. We visited the shops and saw the prisoners - a hard crowd - locked up for the night. He had a great collection of opium pipes, weapons etc. which the prisoners manufacture on the sly. A curious thing was the spot where a man was killed by the prisoners during a break some years since. The rock has been worn away by footsteps all around but the blood stain is apparently solid and as yet unworn. This visit of a couple of hours taught me more about geological changes than I ever learned before. We returned to the car as quickly as we could for we wanted to prepare for Mr. Adams 50th birthday. He came home from Virginia city, however, before we had fairly finished our work. We stuck up mottoes "God hates a liar." "God bless our car." and "Truth is mighty. Then why lie!" All catch phrases in the car now and had a special dinner with a bill of fare which is here attach-

We had altogkether a very enjoyable dinner with two bottles of yellow lable Cliquot champagne and we sat and smoked and talked until we reached Reno, passing on our way Washoe lake and various famous mining places. But mines are but dismal places after all and we were not sorry to see the last of them.

A small boy looking at the car said to his companions "What'n hell's that? Too G-- D--d hightoned for me! I don't want any of that 'n mine!"

Thursday May 28

Off at seven this a.m. through a pass into a half desert country and into the valley of the Humboldt passing through the great Alkali plain as white as the snow past the low shallow lake where the Humboldt river loses itself in the sand and by evaporation. The stations along here are but small clusters of shanties with often several rude wigwams of the Pinto Indians near by. At almost every stop we were besieged by begging Indian women who plaintively wailed "one bit", "one bit" (12½ cents the common currency here in the west. The Chinaman always wants "two blit", "thlee bit" for his goods.) These creatures are anything but picturesque, are dressed in pink calico for the most part and carry their babies on boards with covering for the heads. Some of the women are of a bright copper color, a hue heightened a good deal by the use of vermillion which they daub on in streaks. Humboldt station 423 miles from San F. and 4,236 feet above the sea is a tiny oasis in the arid country, cultivated and planted with trees and carefully irrigated. It is the dinner station and is a small but welcome break in the monotony of the desert. Beyond this we pass the famous Mill city once the Eldorado of the French now only a collection of three or four houses. The great irrigating ditch by which they intended to convert this desert into a paradise can be seen for miles along the railroad east of here and also a number of extensive cattle ranches can be distinguished by their interminable fences over the sage brush plains. At Winnemucca we met the Pacific Express and got some mail about 1.30 o'clock and without a long stop we pushed past Shoshone and both of no account, always well covered with buildings and gardens, very prettily laid out oftentimes and abundantly irrigated. The main irrigating stream running down

following the river to Palisade where we entered the 12 mile cañon with the huge sandstone palisades overhanging the track and the winding river below. Through the 5 mile cañon to Carlin and thence to Elko. There was considerable fun caused by the discovery of a tramp under our car, riding on the break beam. Someone told me at the station of Noleen that a tramp was on the forward truck and when we came to Elko I got out and saw him sitting there all covered with dust and cinders but in a very comfortable position. While we were looking at him some boys came to examine the paper wheels of the car and a dog sniffed at the tramps coat. He saw now that it was no use to linger so he got out and hurried away followed by a great crowd. In the course of the day we saw a dozen or more kicked off the train. Indians however are allowed to ride free and they swarm on the platforms and on the top of the express cars near the engine. Many tramps lose their lives by stealing rides in this way but they will do it.

Friday May 29 About 2.50 I awoke and had a good look at the end of the great American desert - a desolate tract much like other deserts we have seen. At 4 Mr A. woke me again to see the Great Salt Lake which was now in sight. I dressed and sat on the back platform to see the beautiful landscape at my leisure. Kelton the terminus of the old stage line to Shoshone falls is almost on the level of the lake and we could look across the flat shores all white with salt to the beautiful expanse of water bordered by distant mountains and opening into wide reaching vistas where the sea touched the sky. The road cuts along the very bed of the lake almost on a level with the water. Soon we began to see another embankment similar to and parallel with the one we were running on. It is the old U.P.Ry embankment built before the road, joined on May 10th '69 at Promontory. The latter station is well named for it is situated on a large promontory that divides the northern part of the lake into two parts. Just before reaching the station I discovered a tramp on the rear platform. On rousing him up he became so cheeky that we had to bounce him.

Yesterday we were amused by the Indians all day especially by one with [illegible] running down

vermillion striped face and feathers in his hat and a linen duster on. They had all vanished before morning . The moment we began to see Mormon settlements along the base of the mountain range east of the lake we marvelled at the fertility of the soil but we soon saw that the richness is due to irrigation. All around the north and western end of the lake the view was most enchanting. The sun was bright and warm, the air fresh and exhilarating and the lake was as soft and blue as an italian lago. It is set on a ring of snow capped mountains like an opal in diamonds. For a foreground you have picturesque points with trees, rich fields all red and golden with myriads of flowers. Wild roses, sunflowers and untold varieties of wild flowers cover the fields, pleasant villages dot the mountain slopes and everywhere is heard the tinkle of running water in the irrigating streams. Ogden is but a small town near the mountains on the east side of the lake 37 miles north of Salt Lake City. It has no interest further than as a junction of the Denver and Rio Grande, the Central and the Union Pacific, the Utah Northern & Utah Central railroads. At Ogden Mr Callaway the General Manager of the U.P. and Bishop John Sharp one of the leading Mormons and a director of the U.P. met us and we took a special train about 10.30 for the city. We were 42 minutes in running the 37 miles. At Ogden the railroad is a long distance from the lake and between there and the city it is not very long visible. At the latter place it is quite out of sight to the westward. From the station there seems to be no city only a great village with many trees running away up a gentle slope of the great mountains of the Wahsatch range toward a deep cañon. On walking into the town, however, toward the great ugly grey granite building, now roofless but sometime to be finished and occupied as a temple, I found that the great width of the streets, 132 feet, and the lowness of the houses made the town appear so small. "They claim" as they claim everything else out West that there are 30,000 inhabitants. The blocks are ten acre ones and although originally intended to be separate small farms are pretty well covered with buildings and gardens, very prettily laid out oftentimes and abundantly irrigated. The main irrigating stream running down

through one of the main streets is a rushing torrent ten feet wide or so making a noise like a cascade. Bishop Sharp is a ruddy faced Scotsman (a former quarryman) now daily expecting a summons to attend his trial as a polygamist . He has now two wives and 7 children, only, alive out of 34. (Brigham Young had 29 wives and 40 odd children). Sharp is a keen good business man and has a curiously attractive way about him. He talks with a strong accent oftentimes and gives the impression of being a man of principle and honor. He is of course very blue about the Edmunds law and constantly refers to it. We hear on all sides a great deal about the trial of the Mormons and learn that the most of the leaders of them have left town on account of this. Mr Jennings, one of the richest men in town, has but one wife alive now so he is not in danger of the six months in prison and $300 fine. He is an old butchers boy of Manchester, has the type and the speech of his class and a great amount of native shrewdness. He is worth millions now although to see him with his ruddy, farmer-like face, you would never guess it. The people we see on the streets are (the Mormons of course) round shouldered hard working laborers and the women, their wives and daughters, dressed in calico and coarse stuffs with no attempt at style or neatness. Truly at first sight these people are discouragingly commonplace in spite of their intelligence and diligence. As for the women - I never saw such a set of scarecrows. The houses of the rich are of the ordinary "carpenters gothic" variety with the exception of the old one built by Young which is modelled after a many gabelled English mansion, is painted yellow and is surrounded by a high wall. Opposite this is the large ugly wooden house florid in style which he built for his favorite, Amelia. Near by is the school house where his children filled the whole school and behind this his great barns, part of them alone standing. He is buried just above on the street in a little lot by himself with some of his family near. He had success in his way as the immense property he left proves.

The shops of the town are numerous but their stock is of the common variety. Looking in at the windows one knows at once that

they have a class of customers who only demand common things. We went over the great Z.C.M.I . (Zions co-op Mercantile Institution) (or vulgarly Zions Children Must Irrigate; or Zoological collection Mormon Idiots) from top to bottom and glanced at the $1,200,000 worth of goods they have there. All the necessities of life can be had there but few or none of the luxuries. This store alone would "size" the Mormons because it supplies their demands. It is in its way a very great establishment and contains every imaginable thing farmers could want to live on or work with or dress in.

In the afternoon we went by narrow gauge special train to Black Rock on the shore of the lake a most beautiful spot where there is a steamboat landing and a great bathing establishment . There was quite a party of us including Major Harry C. Hill of the Horn Silver Mine whom we afterwards came to know well. We all went in bathing and a most wonderful bathe it was too. Temperature 70°, water most bitter to the taste and irritating to the eyes, but so buoyant we could not sink. It was a most wonderful sensation to sit and lie and stand in the water and make no effort to float. The place is to be turned into a watering place some time and is now a great favorite with the S.L. people and with reason for the view of the Lake is wonderful and the bathing unsurpassed. The distant promontory looks like Capri from the sea, away across near the direction of the city piles of salt as large as houses shine like the tents of an army, while around on all sides the snow peaks frame in a landscape as soft and delicate in color as in Northern Italy.

Saturday May 30

We were off at 7 by special train southward. Bishop Sharp, Mr. Jennings, Maj. Hill, Mr Calloway and our party with the three private cars for a run over the Utah Central and to Frisco to see the Horn Silver mine. The first part of the way was very interesting past Mt. Nebo (where the Mormons think Moses was buried) and past Lake Utah all surrounded by Mormon farms. Beyond this we crossed a divide through a small cañon alongside a turbulent river and came out at length upon a desolate barren plain. We had passed flourishing villages, Provo, Lehi

and others but now saw nothing but rare ranches and dusty Mormons and Alkali and sage brush. So it went on for hours with little variety until it seemed as if there was nothing left but miserable treeless and desolate country. At about 12.30 however we came to the station of Medbury and left our two heavy cars and moved into Bishop Sharps for the run up the grade 17 miles to Frisco. This run if possible was more desolate than the other for we got up so we could overlook the great plain, the bed of a great lake of the glacial period (lake B evile) which included Salt Lake and Lake Sevier too. No green meets the eye. Everywhere grey and dry and white shining alkali. Frisco is an unpainted village wuth few signs of life except dogs and rare miners. There is no water in this region all of it being brought perforce from the springs 40 miles away on the road to Salt Lake. The mines are on the flank of the mountain and the buildings are extensive and neat. Major Hill took us all around and with him Mr Lane and I went into the mine 900 feet deep. The sensation was nothing remarkable for the machinery is like that of an elevator except instead of wire rope there is a wire-braided band to hold the car or platform. At the bottom we went into the tunnel 100 feet or more where two miners were at work digging out the soft rock. There was very little to see and the heat soon drove us away. The ride back to Salt Lake city was dusty and not over interesting although we went along at a breakneck speed. We made the quickest run ever made on the line (243 miles in little over 6 hours) going in from Provo at 67 miles an hour. Major Hill gave us a great insight into Mormon customs and character on the way in.

Sunday May 31.

I spent most of the forenoon looking over Maj Hill's geological specimens and carried away a great many with me. At two o'clock we went to the Tabernacle, an immense oval wooden structure with doors and windows all around the low sides and no opening in the turtle shaped roof. It stands in the same yard with the other abominations of architecture-the old and the new temple. Crowds of people were going

in and we followed them and took seats near the door. A great organ fills up one end, galleries full of benches but no occupants run around the whole, and the floor of the house is covered with pews open at each end and was well filled with people, perhaps 6000 in all (since the tabernacle is said to hold 10,000). In front of the organ which is raised very high are seats arranged in rows on a slope down to the pulpit, or reading desk, which is perhpas 10 feet above the floor. On these red plush covered seats sit the apostles and the trinity (the governors etc.) and the bishops. Below on the floor is a long table with a great many cups, pitchers etc. of metal like silver. On each side of the dignitaries seated on benches on an inclined plane is the choir, 40 or 50 women on one side and as many men opposite or to the left of the elders. Music was going on as we sat down and very good music too. Two hymns were sung and then a man got up and prayed and was followed by another who got up and discoursed. It was the master mechanic of the railway and although he used words enough he was abominably dull and drony. While he was speaking nine men broke bread into platters, poured out water and went the rounds of the immense audience. During the long discourse I had an opportunity of examining the audience. Such a collection of utterly commonplace and uninteresting people I never saw. There were few or no American types among them. All were European and mostly English. It was as if a great crowd of English laboring people had been transported here except that the dresses were Americanized somewhat. The women were dowdy and had not one hint of style or taste in dress among all the lot I could see. One French milliner and dressmaker would so revolutionize these women that no man could afford to keep more than one wife. While he dresses them in calico it is not much expense. But think of 5 or 6 sealskin sacks! Major Hill told us that he has seen a man reaping and his <u>eight</u> wives following and binding up the grain. Altogether a close view of the Mormons does not change my first impression of them.

The sulphur hot baths near the town, just outside, in fact, the old adobe wall used in former times as a defense against the Indians and now in ruins, are refreshing and primitive and we all boiled ourselves in them [illegible] no attraction in the landscape. When we turned in

before going to dinner. Mr Lane and I with Mr Tebbets dined with Mr S. Severance an old class mate of mine and afterwards drove out to Fort Douglas on the mountain slope near the cañon once called Emigrant Cañon through which the Mormons came and from which Brigham Young picked out the place for their city. Fort Douglas is a collection of fine-little stone houses and a number of wooden barrackes all surrounded with trees and clustered around a beautiful parade ground. Owing to the rain, just passed as we got there, there was no music by the band as usual so we enjoyed the view of the town, the distant lake and snow mountains by moonlight and came home. The first night we were here W.C.Borland, Tebbets and Gumming took us to dinner with them so we have had two nights of society (:) in Salt Lake City. After all it is about the most unartistic place we have found. There is no Chinatown that redeems the place from monotony, the architecture is of the utterly ordinary variety. The only attempt at decoration in Mormondom is the two great American flags that hang straight down beside the organ in the tabernacle and the evergreen wreaths that festoon the convex ceiling. That arrangement of wreaths is kept up it is said to break a disagreeable echo. As for the flags - at present it would seem only human to remove them since the Mormons hold that the U.S. is persecuting them.

Monday June 1.

Difference in weather makes a great difference in the looks of the landscape here. From the lake there is on warm days a visible evaporation that makes beautiful atmospheric effects. On a grey day the outlines of the mountains are the same but the agreeable color has vanished and the country has lost a great part of its charm. The lake by the way has 18 per cent of salt and has risen since the Mormons came here 11 feet. One of the most interesting things is the perfectly accurately defined ridges or "benches" that are seen on all the mountain sides in this region showing the most careless observer how the prehistoric lakes stood at different altitudes here, The highest bench is, I believe, 400 feet above the present lake level. We reached Ogden about 9.30 and remained

We reached Ogden about 9.30 remained

like mad. But it was not very good because not cold enough. There are

few houses here and no attraction in the landscape. when we turned

some time for the officers and interested parties to discuss the situation of the projected union railway depot. Mr Kimball, Gen Traff. Man. of the U.P., was there and left on the regular train with his car. We waited until the regular train had been gone an hour or so then made up our special train. Our car in rear, next Mr Calloways, next a baggage car for our three trunks and then the Engine. Off we went among the foothills southeasterly into the Wahsatch mountains, through Weber cañon. This cañon is wild and irregular with a very turbulent stream running through it. We passed Devil's gate and Devil's slide (every strange and wild rock formation is called Devil's this or that in this country) and the tree labelled "The Thousand Miles Tree" all within the space of a few moments. The Devils slide is a curious double fence of granite forming a lane down the steep slope of the mountain 20 or 30 feet high and half that width. The tree is 1000 miles from Omaha. At Echo we passed the regular train and went on up this cañon at rapid rate 40 or 50 miles and hour twisting and turning past the curious constellated rocks and at last reached smooth rolling summits with good grazing and rich little valleys with no timber. From this height we could see to the south a perfect wall of white peaks, the Uintah range. Here we came into the U.P. snow sheds and passed a number of them before we crossed the divide. On the other side we came into a country of buttes and wound among these washed hills until we reached Granger at which place we were switched upon the Oregon short line at about 4 p.m.

. Without much delay we were off again at an exceedingly rapid pace through the foothills and among the mountains where fossils are so plentiful into the valley of the Bear river. At the station of Fossil great numbers of fossil fish were shown and we bought some of them (25 cents a-piece). The valley of the Bear is very wet and marshy and as may be imagined is very green and rich in grass. Little timber is seen however. We stopped long enough at Soda to visit one of the numerous soda springs. We drank out of one of them in a pasture hissing and bubbling like mad. But it was not very good because not cold enough. There are

few houses here and no attraction in the landscape. when we turned ea

we left word for the train to stop on the bridge over the Snake at American Falls. Although sound asleep I had the curious consciousness that there was a regular noise in my ears and I came to my senses suddenly at a decided change in the sound. Awaked in an instant I knew it was rushing water and I got up and looked out. The moon ¾ full was shining and I could see a dark and dismal landscape stretching away to the east and south. Directly under the train, now running slowly, a great river poured its waters over black crags in a huge cascade and the railroad bridge was built from rock to rock of this cascade. Soon the train stopped just as the rear platform hung over the most turbulent of the various cascades and I called the others and we all came out and stood and watched for some minutes this wonderful sight. The noise was tremendous, the moonlight, doubtless, both magnified the falls and lent additional mystery to the landscape. The bridge too had its interest peculiar to this country. Two years ago two men Tex and Johnson were lynched and made to jump off the bridge with ropes around their necks just such a night as this one. Their graves are at the entrance to the bridge on the bank beside it and have two boards from a soap box labelled Tex and Johnson respectively.

Tuesday June 2. By the time we had finished breakfast at Shoshone station where we stopped at one a.m. a couple of stages whirled up to the car, the first one a regular western covered stage with boot behind and a pair of "kyutes" of Indian horses as leaders and a pair of heavy farm horses for wheelers. As rough a looking man sat on the box as we have yet met. I climbed up on the seat beside him, Mr Lane, Mr Adams, Mr Callaway and Mr Blickensdorfer (supt. O.S.L.) got inside and off we went, through part of the town and then through sage brush that stretched away in all directions as far as the eye could reach. To the south a low range of mountains formed the horizon and as well as we could judge the country between us and the range lay in a succession of low ridges broken by frequent rough butte-like projections of dark lava. This was indeed the famous great lava bed of the Snake River. The road was but a cart path through the sage brush winding about to avoid the lava and to

skirt the rolling hills. I soon found that the driver was a true Westener. He came to California when he was 6 years and passed the greater part of his life in the lava country when the doc war was. I asked him if he had driven often this year to the Falls. "God! no," he said. "I keep a deadfall." "Oh you do, do you? How's business?" said I, not knowing what a deadfall was. "Oh, wall, God:" said he. "'Taint much except on pay days, then we scoop 'em in, get 'em drunk, roll 'em and rob 'em." And then he went on to say how he bought his liquor by the pint and retailed it by the glass etc. etc. and told me many tales about Indians and animals. If they were true they were interesting. He made the road to the Falls two years ago by driving over it several times. He was a specimen! Full of oaths and full of rum and tobacco. He had a cruel, wicked little grey eye and an ugly swagger like a cowboy of the worst order. There were no signs of man the whole 25 miles to the Falls except here and there a trace of the casting last season and the old emigrant trail to Oregon which we crossed near the river. The sage brush had been burnt for large tracts only last year, and now the spots are covered by a luxuriant growth of grass. Grass, indeed, grow everywhere in great profusion and but for the fact that there is no water here it would be a great grazing country. It would only require boring 400 feet to get through the lava into a water stratum. The grey green sea of sage brush for many miles was scarcely broken by lava projections but when we came within 3 or four miles of our destination we ran into a rough lava tract; we could see the cliffs of lava bordering the river cañon beyond and but for this should never have suspected the existence of the river. Suddenly the road turned to the east through a cutting in the lava and we came out on a point which looked down into the cañon. A huge jagged cleft in the lava 800 feet deep with perpendicular sides and the river winding through a narrow green valley. The mist of the falls could be seen to the right but the falls were not visible. The sides of the cañon are in strata of lava of different thickness showing the formation of successive eruptions. The original profile of the ground can be perfectly well traced about 400 feet down.

It is a marvellous lesson in geology. We rattled down a steep road where the cliffs have broken and fallen off in a large inclined pile and soon reached a great tent pitched on a green spot, the second coach with the rest of the party following closely behind us. We lost no time, hearing the roar of the falls but set off toward the river 30 or 40 rods away. The man who lives in the tent with his family and keeps house there (a goodlooking family it is too) accompanied us to the river. The stream was high and of the color of coffee like the Missippippi and the current was by no means rapid. A rude boat, made, the man said (Wohlgemuth was his name I think) by the undertaker at Shoshone, strongly resembled a coffin. Mr. Adams, Mr Calloway and I got in it and the man pushed her off, jumped in and began to row upstream in the eddy. When pretty well up he headed her across, swinging around somewhat in the whirls and then quickly struck another eddy which carried us inshore. The passage seemed to be neither difficult nor dangerous though we could see the water rushing over the edge of the falls just below and could hear the wild roar and see the spray. On the other side we went to various points where we could look down upon the rushing water and even went down and drank out of the little eddy under the rocks at the very crest of the great perpendicular fall. It is about 700 feet wide I believe and 210 high and is curiously broken by islands and by a line of lesser falls and cascades just above the big fall. The river narrows very much just here and there is a great volume of water all of which is churned into white foam so that the actual contact of the fall with the stream below cannot be seen. To look down upon this awful rush and see the rainbow below on the great chasm is a unique sensation. Then the view of the wonderful cañon is always most enchanting and the bits of sunlit green below contrast beautifully with the dark brown lava and the yellowish water. The color of the place is all fine. Below the falls the cañon is 1000 feet deep and we committed the folly of climbing down into it to the edge of the river by a dangerous and difficult path part of the way by a rude ladder made of a tree trunk. Once there the view was not

so good as at the top and all we had to repay us for the heat and toil and danger was the sight of a great cave 40 x 40 x 200 feet high. This was cool but not very remarkable. It is called the dome. There is another nearer the falls but the spray was too much blown to permit us to enter it. We climbed to the top again and were ferried over as before and hurried away to bathe in a quiet clear pool just above. A most luxurious and delicious bath it was too. Much refreshed we ate our hearty dinner in the tent with great gusto - and a good country dinner it was with plenty of boiled ham and baked beans, beef, vegetables and pies. This braced us up so that we all, with the exception of Mr. Adams who climbed to the top of the cañon by the road, visited the falls from the side we came in at - or the north side. The view was even better to my mind than the other although Mr A. S. Centea the agent of the Improvement company tried to make us shout for the south side where the hotel is to be put up. A number of stones with rude circles cut on them by Indians are curious to see and are found near the falls on the N. side. We started home about 4 p.m. walking up the hill of course, for the grade was at least 40°. The sun was hot and the horses who had been turned out to feed and drink were not set up by any grain and hated to go. But Joe whipped and yelled and we managed to go along, breaking a toggle two or three times and wearing the whip all out. If we hadn't mended it with a string I happened to have I don't believe we should have got in at all. Although the country abounds in rattlesnakes we saw only one. The heat was great as we went on and we exhausted the water jug and began to appreciate what horse hunting must be in the lava country. The sun set and it grew dark before we reached the summit of the last wave of lava. Down we went down the 4 mile slope at a run scarcely able to see the path and not seeing the lights of the town until close upon them. The car was a welcome sight for it was 10 o'clock and we were hungry.

Wednesday June 3.

I waked when we started and again when we stopped and heard the noise of escaping steam but I didn't know until morning that We had broken a connecting rod knocking the fireman back upon the coal and

obliging us to send back four miles to Shoshone to fire up another engine to drag us back to make another start. We now rushed on through the lava country at a tremendous rate to make three hours time in 150 mile run. It was a sage brush country until we came to the valley of the Snake again where it is all green and rich. But we had little opportunity to study the country well for we were dusted down most terribly and rushed on in the centre of a cloud of smoke and dust. After crossing the Snake twice we ran through the hills and into the valley alongside the river where it winds among the great mountains and at last came to the bridge at Huntington and crossed it, then up a small stream to the town. A narrow enclosed valley with a few new houses and Mr. Huntington's ranch house of adobe. He is a youngish man of pleasant bearing. The Oregon short line ends here and the Oregon Railway & Navigation company's line begins. But there is little to interest anybody in a collection of 5 or 6 wooden shanties and we were not sorry to be attached to the regular train about 1 o'clock and off up the valley among the round hills all grass covered and a refreshing change in contour after the wild jagged summits we had been seeing for so long. At the head of the small valley we crossed a divide by a series of curves and a great "horseshoe" and came out into another valley which we followed until it suddenly spread out way below us into a most lovely broad and fertile valley all green and rich and cultivated with the flourishing town of Union in the midst of the grain fields and a wall of snow mountains all about. It was one of the most beautiful sights we had seen. At the west end of this valley we stopped at La Grande where we saw the first real new town. Hundreds of houses were in process of construction near the station. The streets were in course of grading. But large shops were open and there was apparently much business done. In Shoshone town there are 250 inhabitants, 19 saloons and six hotels. In La Grande the proportion is about the same I should say. The old town stands back up on an elevation and appears very pretty. We came out of Idaho into Oregon at Huntington and have been continually struck by the New England appearance of houses, farms and people. The contrast between this state and others we have seen is

remarkable. About a mile beyond La Grande we began to climb the Blue Mountains by following the narrow gorge of the Grande Ronde river which stream we crossed on trestle bridges every few rods. At last the stream was but a slender rivulet and we came soon out upon the summit. Forest everywhere, and new houses at intervals, in a wilderness of stumps. The road was lined with the huts of Chinamen who had built the road, for the construction of this piece was very difficult. From Meacham at the summit - a single farmhouse - we went down a similar gorge on the other side and when darkness came on we were still crawling down at a snails pace around the curves and across the river back and forth.

Thursday June 4. I awoke about 3.30 and soon got up and dressed for we were beside the Columbia. And a grand river it is too with its banks of piled up palisades and its broad rapid current broken into frequent cascades among the peculiarly perpendicular rocks. Great heaps of sand blown out of the river bed and swept by the fierce wind made white spots on an otherwise sombre landscape. The river was 11 feet above low water and the great wheels with nets on them were revolving and throwing up an occasional salmon. We watched for Mt. Hood and at last I caught sight of it just as we came round a turn, a white pyramid above a sea of summits all dark with trees and blue in the distance. The foreground was a cascade tumbling over the rocks and a cluster of Indian wigwams with the blanket wrapped indians shivering in the cold dawn. We came to Dalles about 6 o'clock and strolled around the town. A pretty place with neat cottages and many trees. The railroad, shops and steamboat wharf make it what it is. From this point on the road is a constant succession of turns and trestle work, curve and bridge the whole time, always along the very edge of the stream. The views are wonderful for the grand river has carved its way through an immense range of mountains, the Cascades. Various waterfalls of different sizes fall into the river from the cliffs and the train stops at one, the Multonomah, about half way between Dalles and Portland. It is 700 feet high and comes over in one long leap and one short one. A rustic bridge spans the lower and short one at its

He did not go with us but returned by our car to Portland. The drive

crest and the train waits while the passengers go up across the bridge. The fall is like some of the Yosemite ones. I have come to the conclusion that I don't like waterfalls they are too noisy and too busy. I soon tire of seeing them. We reached E. Portland at noon and crossed the Willamette river on which it is situated in a ferry. From the other side the city looks not unlike Portland Me. It stands on a narrow flat at the foot of a range of timbered hills and is narrow and long. Nearer view of the town carries out the impression that it is New England like. But it appears rather dead. The business portion is along the water and the residences back, even up on the steep sides of the hills. We put up at the Esmond and passed the showery afternoon in occasional walks through the diminutive Chinatown and up to the residential quarter.

Pirates of Penzance at the Casino was very enjoyable. Mr. Adams was away to dinner with General Miles and Senator Sherman.

Friday June 5.

A reception to Mr.A. and Senator John Sherman kept us in P. till 4 o'clock. The affair was given by the Board of Trade and consisted simply of a speech by each of the men named. At four we took the train for Albany up the Williamette valley, the garden of Oregon. The receiver of the road Mr Koehler accompanied us and but for the frequent showers and the chill of the atmosphere we should have enjoyed the trip. The scenery is quite New England like and the villages just like N.E. ones. At Oregon City is the falls of the Willamette. Salem, a grass grown town of 5000 inhabitants with a grey stucco Capital minus the usual dome does not look like the Capital of a state. We ran into Albany about dark and walked around the town. It has plank sidewalks everywhere, few or no saloons and an air of great respectability, much like that of a New England country town.

Saturday June 6.

We were up at 4 O'clock dressed and off for Corvallis in two horse carriages where we were to meet Mr. Callaways car. He did not go with us but returned by our car to Portland. The drive

across from Albany to Corvallis took about 2 hours over a flat rather uninteresting country all the way, crossing the Willamette on a current ferryboat at the town itself. We found a special train waiting for us and we were soon on the road again through a beautiful rolling country covered with farms and very richly cultivated. The standard of farming is not very high however, the abundant crops probably satisfying the people and not necessitating much enterprise. Near Portland we ran into mountains and climbed a high grade over trestles, in full sight of the river and at last came out in a street of the town through which we passed until we reached the station near the river. Willamette valley is the garden of Oregon and we saw it thoroughly. Fruit is raised in abundance. Strawberries sell for 20 cents a gallon, cherries for 15 and even less. The railroads are in the hands of a receiver.

We did not delay long in P. but with C.H. Prescott's car ahead of our two, hitched on to the regular train and left about 1.30 p.m. The road leads through a wild country sometimes in full sight of the Willamette, 38 miles to Huntersm, the ferry at the junction of this river with the Columbia. A great transfer boat here took the train of eight cars across and we had plenty of time to see the river, widely spread out here and not very interesting. From Kalama, the settlement on the other side the road leads through the primeval forests of Washington territory and we saw nothing for the rest of the 145 miles but small clearings in the wilderness and new shanties and stumps and burnt timber. A most desolate and discouraging spectacle it was. At some of the stations a crowd had assembled to see Mr. Sherman but there was no speech making and he did not show his tall, gaunt figure. We came to Tacoma about dusk and walked to the hotel the most interesting building of its kind we have yet seen built by McKim Mead and White for Villard when he was putting through the gigantic schemes. It is an enormous building of stone and brick with rough cast on the upper stories and is entirely finished in the interior with redwood. Mr Sherman, Gen Miles and Gov. Squires had dined with us on the car but there was a banquet in the hotel to which Mr. Adams went but we did not. Gov. Squires, the governor

of the territory is an old acquaintance from the Parisian days. Lane and I took in the town and then went to bed.

Sunday June 7.

Although the sun was bright this morning the clouds hung over Mt. Tacoma (Rainier of the old maps) and we could not see it-all the forenoon. We walked about town and found it a most curious place. Plank sidewalks, plenty of stumps, streets leading into the forest, no end of one story shanties scattered all over the steep little hills and several public buildings of importance, including of course, the hotel "Tacoma", a stone church and a female seminary, a street lined with banks and fine shops, the whole overlooking a tidal bay and the great forest covered hills beyond. It is the best specimen of a new frontier town we have seen. In 1880 it had 700 now it has 7000 inhabitants and is the W. terminus of the N.P.P.R.R. During the afternoon we were delighted to see the great mountain uncover itself, and there it stood off to the S.W. distant 50 or 60 miles but rising like a gigantic pyramid of snow far above the Cascade range, apparently much nearer than the blue distant mountains between us and it. Great glaciers are seen on its flanks and it is all scored with immense ravines. We have not yet seen such an impressive spectacle as Mt. Tacoma. It is 14444 feet high and of course as we are on the sea level seems much loftier than any we have yet seen, those in Mexico rising 17000 feet above the sea but only 10000 above our point of observation. Its isolated position makes it doubly impressive and it is of all the peaks I know the "ideal". In height it is absolutely incomprehensible and the mind fails to realize the distance or to appreciate its magnitude. There it is a solemn white mass reaching far higher up into the sky than I ever imagined a mountain could do.

Most of the afternoon and evening I spent in writing letters. There is an article in the Portland Oregonian about McGahon which speaks of him and me most ignorantly.

Monday June 8.

Our party consisting of 16 all told, several members of

Gen. Miles Staff among them and we embarked on the Geo. L. Starr for a special trip around Paget Sound. The sun was shining brightly and the mountain half hidden by clouds rose like a great white irregular triangle, distinguished by its angles from the fleecy clouds around it. All this and the town, the shipping and the forest clad hills was reflected in the smooth water. We wound among the great islands and through the broad inlets to a great saw mill on Bainbridge Island where we landed and saw them ripping up the 6 ft logs like carrots, feeding everlasting fires with cords of waste and running out all sizes of timber from immense sticks to laths. A couple of curious Indian dugout canoes passed us as we were going out and made a great shouting as we went ~~going~~ by. The canoes resemble a gondola in shape and carry several people and a heap of goods besides. We came to Seattle at 2 p.m. A large town of 12000 scattered over the hills in a fine little bay. A crowd of people welcomed us on the wharf and carriages took us for a drive through the uncleared forest to see the site of the propsed new railway to the coal mines in the Mountains to the eastward, passing around Washington and Samanush Lakes. A canal connecting Union and Washington Lakes with the Sound is partly dry and we drove to inspect this being transported across Union Lake in a tug and barge and then after a walk of a half mile meeting two tugs which took us around W. Lake to the landing behind the town. The drive through the woods was hot and dusty. Lane, Frank Sherman and I were together and we were not sorry to be on the tugs. After a change of clothing on the boat we went to the hotel Occidental where a local brassband was bursting its sides and sat down to a banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce. We were scarcely through before Gov. Squires announced that the people were waiting in the Opera house so we quickly adjourned there. In the neat little theatre we found every seat filled but I secured a stage box and a few of us went in. The rest went on the stage. The band was playing its loudest and after a particularly hard blast up rose the curtain disclosing the distinguished guests seated in a semicircle like the minstrels, Mr. Adams and Mr. Sherman in the middle, Gen. Miles and Gov. Squires on the end. It was a very ludicrous sight. A prominent gentleman of the town made a genuine Eagle Scout speech

introducing the speakers and then Mr. Sherman followed by Mr Adams, Gov. Squires and Gen. Miles all made speeches of more or less duration. We all, of course, had to pretend during the visit to Seattle that we had an immense interest in its welfare. But it is difficult to get up much enthusiasm over a lithograph map when one finds that the beautifully laid out lots are only on paper after all and that the primeval forest still covers the city park, the "hospital grounds" and the houselots even close up to the limits of the present town. Our speakers are getting to repeat themselves we notice and there is a good deal of chaffing about what is publicly uttered. Mr. Sherman is very popular and Mr Adams was received at Seattle with great enthusiasm as a sort of railroad Messiah! We got underweigh at 10.30 p.m.

Tuesday June 9. We were all called early this morning to see the narrows at Deception pass. This is a very narrow passage through which the waters of the N. eastern part of Paget Sound rush in and out at every turn of the tide. I cannot better describe it than by comparing it to parts of the coast of Maine. We went through it at slack water so there was no current to speak of. The pass like the rest of the Sound is very deep. Indeed this great depth of water - away up in the inlets 50, 60 and 100 fathoms deep is a great drawback to navigation for anchorage is impossible. After running through the narrow pass only a few rods wide, passing on the way several Indians in their beautiful dugout canoes we ran straight out into the straits of Juan de Fuca and could look out into the Pacific ocean. The day was cloudy but we could see the serrated tops of the Olympian range and the hills of Vancouver I. to the N.W. We ran across the strait and around the island of San Juan - once debatable ground where the old camps of both English and Americans can still be seen on opposite sides of the Island - to the little harbor, Roche harbor, where we cleared "for a foreign port" in the custom house and inspected the lime kilns. From here to Vancouver island is but a short run of two or three hours and we were soon off the low rocky point at

were visible evidences of great prosperity and a solidity that we have not yet seen in the great Northwest. Stone houses with shrubbery and lawns and well laid out and graded roads. Rounding a point we were in a small harbor full of shipping and the town was before us. Everyone was at once struck by the solid and commercial aspect of the town. The brick blocks, the wharves, everything had the unmistakable air of solidity and called out comments even from the most ultra "spread eagle" among us. Col. Stevens, the U.S. consul met us at the wharf in a military cap(!) and cloak(!) and we got into a carriage and drove to the residence of the Gov. of the province of British Columbia, Mr.Cornwallis, He wasn't at home but we were led in, 16 of us in a row. His wife came in and everyone was presented and shook hands. She was a typical Englishwoman and stood up and talked with a wonderful aplomb. But she had to undergo the ordeal of a general handshake again when we left. We all knew better than to do this and I never felt more ashamed in my life. From here we drove through the town followed by the interested stare of the people, 7 miles out to a place called Esquimalt where we looked at an immense dry dock in process of construction with Chinese workmen cutting stone. In the harbor nearby were two English men of war and a boat came ashore from the "Constance" and we all went aboard and looked over the whole ship. The machine guns were worked for us etc. etc. They were all prepared on the ship to welcome the Russians and are about to put the vessel on a peace footing again now . But a man of war always seems to me like a penitentiary and I was glad to get ashore. The boat's crew was a typical crowd of English sailors commanded by a typical middy. We had a chance to walk around the town and watch the crowds of Indians selling things and also to visit the "Chinatown" before dinner. We all went into the Hudson's Bay Co. store and I got of the Indians there mats and baskets of curious workmanship for little money. In chinatown we bought cups and saucers. The Indians are a most degraded looking lot, squalid and lazy. I can't understand how they make the elegant gondola like canoes.

Victoria is lighted by electric light on high poles. There are many fine shops and some of the stone fronts are the best we have seen.
Crowd of backwoods people and [illegible]
ing to build to narrow the mouth of the [illegible]

Many of the brick buildings look 60 or 70 years old but the town is only abput 30. In '52 there was only a log fort here. The Gov^{t} buildings are of brick with wooden beams showing and one very tasteful indeed. The Gov^{rs} residence is quite like an English house with grounds and driveways. Altogether it is most remarkable to see the English character cropping out everywhere in dress, architecture, speech and manners. The Chinook jargon I hear for the first time and the only thing I learned was to say to an Indian "Shitcum dallar cloon" (half a dollar for three). This is the only language - an artificial jargon of 400 or 500 words - with which they talk with the Indians. Our dinner in the Driard house was the best we have eaten in the Northwest. It is a famous hostelry for cooking.

One thing noticeable about Victoria is the agreeable absence of the square fronted shanty which disfigures all American western towns - the most discouragingly inartistic architecture that there ever was.

Wednesday June 10.

We were at anchor in a little shallow bay across the strait Juan de Fuca when I awoke and Gen Miles and Maj. Kimball were ashore to inspect the Gov^{t} reservation. From the steamer we could see no signs of habitation except a couple of Indian shanties on the edge of the water and the road leading up the steep bluff into the woods. The jagged summit of the Olympian range rose, half hidden by the clouds, above the hills to the South while to the North Vancouver Island lay blue in the distance. From this point we coasted along the strait and into the harbor of Port Angelos, a fine bay behind a 4 mile sand spit. A small weather report office, a store and one or two shanties were all we could see of the "city" for city it is on the lithographed plans with 50 lots, and park and hospital grounds, The oldest inhabitant told us that the wharf, just built, had been talked about for 22 years. He seemed still hopeful that there would be a town there. This wail of long deferred hopefulness becomes to us at last very sad to listen to. After this we ran into Dungeness bay and down into Port Discovery where Vancouver lay one winter. The former is a shallow bay behind a sand spit.

similar to Dungeness in the English Channel, the latter a deep inlet with a sand spit across the mouth. Protection Island, just off here, resembling almost any island off the coast of Maine, is well stocked with a half dozen different kinds of pheasant. The day became brighter and although we could not see Mt. Baker and the Cascade range we could see the islands very well. The little glimpse that we got of this mountain while we were on Lake Washington is about all we shall get in all probability. We are continually struck by the resemblance of Paget Sound to the coast of Maine. The only difference is the absence of shoals and rocks. Here it is all very deep. After leaving Port Discovery we ran across the entrance of Admiralty Inlet to Admiralty head, a govt reservation, thence back across the tide whirling inlet to Marrowstone head one of the points of Port Townsend harbor. On the way we were met by the tug with the committee of reception and took aboard the committee, among them Judge Swan the authority in this region on fish and fisheries. After steaming around the bay past the beautiful military ports of Fort Townsend we ran up to the wharf and landed. Flags, flags everywhere and a salute from two ships' guns on the bluff. On the wharf a crowd of people and a line of carriages all decorated with flags and rhododendrons and other flowers. It was quite a display. We were put into our carriages according to a printed programme and were driven through the business part of the town on the waters edge and thence up to the residential part on the bluff above. Pretty cottages and grass grown streets, plenty of trees and luxuriant gardens, altogether the most satisfactory town we have seen, Victoria alone excepted. The abundance of grass is refreshing here. But there seems to be little or no life although it is the port of entry for Paget Sound. Our driver was a pioneer settled here 32 years ago and pointed out the old log houses on the water front where he lodged, the only house in the place then. The carriages stopped at the "opera house", already crammed with people, and the "stars" of the "Combination show" as we now call them went on the platform and the rest of us sat among the audience. It was a curious crowd of backwoods people and city folks, judging, of course, by their [illegible] ing to build to narrow the mouth of the [illegible] Another man cut it

dress. Fashion crowded the flannel shirted farmers and we even saw a rifle or two. Mr Sherman, Mr Adams and Gen. Miles spoke, but chiefly Allen Weir a self-made editor and one of the local lights who indulged in a rhetorical address of introduction. The enthusiasm, the flags and the salute impresses me with a discouraging sense of sadness at the lost lives, the youth spent in empty hopes of the "great future" of the embryonic city and the vigor wasted in the futile struggle for local prominence. With the exception of the hop cultivation near Tacoma where the Indians do all the picking and the coal mines near Seattle, there is little beside lumber industry in all this great district of Paget Sonnd. Port Townsend is beautifully situated at the entrance to the chief inlet, its harbor is fine - but there are beautiful sites and fine harbors numerically exceeding the population of the region. We came to Seattle at 8, having changed on to the Olympian - a Villard elephant of a boat all upholstered and decorated in great style - at Port Townsend. After landing Gov. Squires and Gen. Sprague, we set out again and landed at Tacoma and found the car on the dock at 10.30. No sight of Mt. Tacoma today.

Thursday June 11. We were off at 5.30 over the same road again, the rest of the party in the Villard private car - a veritable catalogue of ebony and mahogany which cost $20,000 or more. At 10 o'clock we reached Kalama and there found the sternwheel boat R.R. Thompson waiting for us. We were soon on our way down the Columbia and found the heavily wooded banks little enough interesting. However the frequent fish canneries a little lower down began to attract our attention and we stopped at one of them built like all the others out over the water. A fisherman was throwing up out of a boat onto the wharf end a great load of salmon averaging about 30 lbs. some of them as high as 50 lbs or more. These were siezed by a Chinaman who slashed off head, fins and tail then chucked it into a tank whence it was taken and washed by other Chinamen and trimmed up and passed to another who cut it up into regular lengths the size of the cans by a revolving set of knives. Another man cut it

ing to build to narrow the mouth of the river from 4 miles to three and

rapidly into pieces about the size for the cans and put them into wooden trays. Following the trays we came to a row of Chinamen putting the pieces into cans, each of which was weighed. Another man put them through a washing machine and another put on the covers, another started them going on an automatic soldering machine where they were rolled so that the end ran through a little trough of acid and thence through a little trough of melted solder. The little hole in the top was then soldered up and they were assembled in great frames and put in boiling water to test their tightness, the bubbling ones being removed to be resoldered. They are afterwards boiled 1½ hours in water, the air let out, the can resoldered and cooked in a steam bath for an hour. We examined the manufacture of the cans from the sheet tin to the final laquering after they are boiled and came away with a better idea of the cleanliness than we should have ever had otherwise. The simple device for salting a number of dozen of cans at once was very ingenious. Salt is spread over a board full of holes with another with longer holes underneath. When the under board is moved so as to shut the holes the cans are put underneath, the holes filled by one stroke of a stick, the board drawn out a bit and the salt drops, a hole full into each can. The Chinamen are excellent workmen, very skilful and as quick as lightning. The lower Columbia is not very picturesque in comparison with the upper although at places it is very fine. There is considerable basaltic formation like the Fingals cave and Giants causeway but most of the banks are wooded hills steep to the water edge. We passed Cathlamet where Gen. Grant was stationed when Lt. and found it only two or three shanties. Astoria which we reached at 3 p.m. was alive with flags spread in honor of a firemans tournament. We did not go into the town but changed over to a tug for a trip down to the mouth. A strong wind was blowing - the W. trade wind - and the sky was overcast but there was some exhilaration in the trip and we found the toss of the boat an agreeable change. We ran down to Pt. Adams - a low sand point with an earthwork and some preliminary works for the breakwater or jetty which the Govt are beginning to build to narrow the mouth of the river from 4 miles to three and

by this means scour out the channel. Capt. Powell in our party has charge of the works. From this point we went across inside the bar all white with rollers to Pt. Disappointment on the Washington territory side and visited the lighthouse and batteries of Fort Canby - a military post beautifully situated behind the head in a pretty cove. The guns are mounted near the lighthouse on the wooded bluff. We crawled up inside the great lens and looked over the Pacific and the entrance of the river which reached away up into the blue distance, a very noble stream it is too. The mountains were almost all hidden by the low clouds. Leaving the landing we were saluted by the battery on the bluff and ran over scores of salmon nets which the fishermen were stretching all around the bay in all directions. These seines are 300 fathoms long and 5 wide, the meshes are from 8 to 11 inches long and one net costs $500. A boat is worth $300 and is manned by two men. The boats and nets are usually the property of the Canneries. Each boat averages 2,000 fish a season (June, July and Aug.) and the fish sell now for 50 cents each. ⅓ of this goes to the owner of the boat and outfit. There are over 1600 boats in the trade and the crews comprise all nationalities. Finns and Swedes predominate. They are, as may be supposed, a very rough crowd. We found it so especially when Lane and I ran all about water street in search of an English flag to hang over Mr Carpenters door (a hyper-patriotic American). We found one at last at the "Coach and Horses" and the landlady of this disreputable dive gave it to us. I painted a skull and cross bones on a white cloth and while the others were off at the hotel speechifying to the brass band and the rabble in the street, L. and I hung the flags over Mr.C.s and Mr Hedges door respectively. Mr.H. is a lawyer formerly partner of Senator Sherman in Ohio, a very fat man whom we delight to guy. Mr.Carpenter is a banker of Mansfield full of dry wit. The whole of the distinguished party (Great combination of 4 mammoth shows we call them) went to the theatre, an unpretentious new house very comfortable where the Portland company were playing Olivette. After the show we all went back to the boat where the

decorations excited great merriment. Astoria is largely built on piles
over the water and the plank streets are very agreeable. The stores are some of them quite fine, the varieties of nationalities living there is seen by the signs of the Saloons and the place has an air of life now in the salmon season. The O.R.& N. Co. wharf is very extensive and fine. They tell me that the town is dull when the fishermen are away and we can believe it readily.

Friday June 12.

It was raining hard when we went to sleep and when we awoke we were already quite a piece up the river having started about 5.15 a.m. The rain had ceased but the ships were heavy and the river looked cheerless. It was 10.30 before we reached Vancouver, a few miles above the mouth of the Willamette on the N. bank of the Columbia. Here is a U.S. military post and a sizeable town very pretily situated on the low bluff, showing fine wood houses, schools etc. etc. It is well worthy of notice that here in Wash. Territory and Oregon the school houses are the biggest and finest buildings in the towns. It has been so in nearly every town we have visited. We landed Gen. Miles and Sen. Sherman and nephew Frank at Vancouver and returned to the Willamette and went up to Portland. It is a narrow stream and not overinteresting except in clear weather when Mt. Hood is visible. The day was largely spent in waiting around for Mr Adams to finish talking with the Prescott and other railway men but we finally got across the river in time to see the Engine and C.B. & Q. car with Elijah Smith very dirty and excited arrive at 4.10 p.m. having left New York on Monday evening at 6. Quickest time across the continent. We (Mr Callaway, Mr Lane & I) spent the evening in Portland dining at the Arlington Club and afterward visiting the Chinese theatre, a meagre imitation or repetition of the one we saw in San Francisco, and the opera house where we saw one act of Pirates of Penzance and managed to sit through an act of Bohemian Girl. When we reached the ferry we found the boat - a very large one - had been waiting for us there on Mr Prescott's orders since 8 p.m. It was then 11 and we felt rather conscience smitten that we had kept fires going and screw up for us three

to Cross to East Portland. I was pleased to get a dollar from Severance.
Borland and Tebbets at Salt Lake with inspription of initials etc. a sort of reminder of my visit there. I put the dollar into T's pocket as we were leaving to pay for what I had ordered and had had no time to surround. They had it polished and engraved for a reminder.

Saturday June 13. At five o'clock this a.m. the sun was shining brightly and I felt that we were in a new climate. On looking out the Columbia river just below Dalles was in full sight. We reached D. at about 6 and visited the O.R. & N. shops there, then pushed on up the river. Above Dalles Mt. Hood came in full sight, the same as when we came down the river, and for a long time we watched it, the focus of the landscape with constantly changing foreground. The sand all along is very troublesome costing the R.R. $5000 a month to clear off. Indians abound and their tents are very picturesque. Above Des Chutes river the Columbia grows gradually less interesting until in the vicinity of Umatilla, the junction of the river road and the O.& R.N to Huntington, the river flows through a sage brush country with no trees and no towns in sight. It is no town only a station, neither is Wallula where the road branches to Walla Walla and the N.P. begins. However we were rather relieved to get done with the trestle work which occupies about half the line below Dalles. At Wallula we struck off to Walla Walla through a rolling sage brush country, quite doubtful whether we should find the rich lands we had heard about. But just before reaching W.W. about 31 miles away wheatfields began to appear quite suddenly and soon we were in the midst of a rolling wheat country as fine as ever was seen. Just before we came to W.W. we passed Whitman, the spot where Dr.W. was massacred in '48 and for whom the U.S. military post and the college at Walla Walla is named. We did not stop on the way up but passed on directly 38 miles further to Dayton a small market town. The road all the way was through an extremely fertile country . At D. we took time enough to walk about the town, a place only 10 or 12 years old and full of the square facades of new Western towns, and returned to W.W. where the chief citizens with

Carriages were waiting for us. Mr Adams and I rode with Mr. Moore and Mr — and the editor of the paper and after a short drive through the town - refreshing after the 95° in the car - we struck out among the wheat fields upon the top of a rise whence we could see a beautiful panorama of rich fields for miles and miles. Such fertility we have not before seen. Wheat is raised here 50 bushels to the acre. The average for many years is said to be 22, an immense average yield. One ranch we saw of 2500 acres which cost the proprietor $5 an acre two years ago, and last year he made $ 30000 on it . When the town was settled 30 years ago no one dreamed that wheat would grow on the sage lands. Now it is worth more than the bottoms. In war time land was $1.25 an acre or 50 cents in gold, the currency here. "Two drinks are bought for 50 cents" said one of our party "and the same money would have bought an acre of land, but we drank a good deal and bought no land!" In all my travels I have never seen such a rich country. The town (5000 ihhabitants) is very prosperous looking and is full of trees. The people curse Villard who boomed them for a while but brought no trunk line near them. Altogether our drive was most interesting and the valley with its numberless streams of water and immense grain fields will always remain a picture of prosperity, a happy valley in my mind. Much of the land is covered by volunteer crops (for so they call the crops which come the 2nd year with no ploughing) and even these crops are said to produce 20 bush. to the acre. The people urge Mr Adams to finish the 9 miles of road to connect with the O.R. & N. in the Blue Mountains Southward. Leaving W.W. at 6.30 we were again in Wallula at 8 p.m. Quite a change of climate from yesterday when we were wearing all our winter clothes, cardigan, jackets and overcoats. Today linen is warm. This constant change of underclothing is somewhat tedious.

Sunday June 14

A cool day, a fairly good track and a rate of speed which is no too high but agreeable. We left Wallula at 3.10 a.m. and woke near Ritzville at 7.30. This like most other stations on this rail road is but the beginning of a village. The country heresbouts is small

sage brush with occasional patches of cultivated land and signs of future fertility. At Cheyney we had pretty well passed over the great plain of the Columbia river which for hours had stretched away in gentle rolling surface to the horizon, and the small trees began to show themselves. I was much amused at a large sign as big as the side of a house alongside the railway station. It read:- "Medicine Lake - the modern pool of Silvam 9 miles from this point West. Its waters will cure Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrah, Kidney and Liver complaints and all private and skin diseases. If you are afflicted, come and be cured." The lake in question is a small pond whose waters have some medicinal qualities. Low hills half covered with small pines distinguish the country between Cheney & Spokane Falls and near the latter place the hills get longer and the grade in the road heavier. The timber however is nowhere large and we found little change until we passed the station - Algoma - when we came in sight of a sheet of water beautifully placed among the mountains and crossed it on an immensely long trestle bridge. It was the Lake Pend d'Oreille formed by a widening of the Columbia river. After crossing we had various beautiful views of the lake and the mountains for we skirted the shores for many miles. It lies among the steep and well wooded mountains much as Tahoe does but by no means so fine, besides the waters are muddy. About 3 o'clock we came to "Clarke's fork". The Columbia again muddy and with a raging current, and we followed it along for nearly five hours, crossing it twice and following its intricate curves and windings, now high up on the bank now near the water, after running over high falls and trestles. The scenery was very grand and wild and not unlike part of the lower river. Altogether it is most surprising how the Columbia has forced itself for its whole distance through one range after another of rough mountains. Occasionally we left the river for a while as in the secluded pastoral valley of Horse Plains and Paradise, where the river bottom widens into pleasant broad vales with settlers' ranches, fences and cattle. At the former place we saw two good specimens of the flathead Indians one dressed in red blankets the other in blue. They were fine specimens of the race and the best Indians

we have seen. The landscape meanwhile grew wilder and wilder and at last we came to where a broad clear branch mingled its waters with the yellow stream of Clarke's fork. We swung away northward following the former (here the Pend d'Oreille river and later the Jocko) leaving the main river (changing its name now to the Missoula) and climbing up the valley toward the Flathead Lake across the reservation of the Indians of that name. As the sun set the mountains were reflected in the smooth waters of the dark green river and gave it the appearance of a long and narrow Alpine lake. When we went to bed the hills were, if possible, still wilder and we were approaching ~~and we were approaching~~ a divide. During this by far our pleasantest day in the car we have had but one disagreeable incident. At Huron where we left Idaho and came to Montana (we crossed into Idaho, but 50 miles wide at this point, above Spokane Falls a short distance) we saw a poor fellow who had had both his feet crushed by a freight train just before we arrived. He was brought aboard our train to be carried 140 miles to Missoula where the hospital is. The surgeon came up by special and met us at Horse Plains and after examination said the man could live but 2 days. All day long we passed through very interesting and beautiful country, the larger part of it well adapted to cultivation. During the day Mr Adams quoted two little poems written by someone - a scholar, I believe - by name of Jones. They are his only poems but are worth keeping:-

"On nurses knee a naked newborn child
Weeping thou satst while all around thee smiled
So live that, sinking in the last long sleep
Thou mayst then smile while all around thee weep."

Although they are incorrectly quoted.

We waked up at twelve to see a great trestle but though it was higher than Bunker hill monument it was not much to see.

Monday June 15,

At Garrison we took a special train, 2 cars, over the narrow guage Utah & Northern for Butte. A gently rolling country surrounded by high mountains all snow covered to the west and south, with frequent ranches and very little timber met our eyes as we went southward. There is nothing very wild about this section of the country. Indeed

the general characteristics of the landscapes here are smooth grass covered hills with frequent valleys and well wooded foot hills surrounded by snow mountains. At one point on the route where a curious conical hill rises directly from the meadows there is a lunatic asylum and a bathing establishment kept by Dr Massigbrod. The cone we saw from the train surrounded by a small pavillion is the cone of an extinct geyser and a hot water spring two feet in diameter boils out at the very top of this 30 feet or so above the meadow. Near the base are 3 more of different temperatures the highest 190° and in the immediate vicinity 90 in all. There is 18 or 20 per cent of iron in the water. After examining the curious cone formed of incrustations from the water we took a bath in a swimming bath and then got aboard again and in an hour or so were at Anaconda where the great smelting works of the mine of the same name at Butte is now. Mr Haggin met us there and showed us all over the works. It is impossible to record the enormous extent of the establishment with its forest of smoke stacks and its array of workmen (600 in all). The ore is brought by rail from Butte 30 miles away, dumped into the ore houses where it is crushed by rollers and washed by a process similar to hand washing of sand for gold. The waste goes away by sluices and the pulverized ore cleansed of part of its impurities is moved into another house adjoining where it is first roasted in ovens to clear it of sulphur and then put in the smelters where it is melted and the impurities skimmed off (slag) and the heavier part drawn off into cakes, 65 per cent or so of pure copper and broken into small pieces and put in 100 lb sacks. This is called <u>matte</u> and the smelters here produce 65 tons daily. It is sent to Swansea, Wales to be refined and turned into pure copper. The owner of this great establishment, Mr J.B. Haggin who also owns 5 or 6 hundred thousand acres of land in California and the celebrated copper mines Anaconda and Saint Lawrence as well as the Ontario silver mine in Utah is a typical Turk in appearance, small in stature about 60 years of age with grey hair and short beard and the curious oriental tint of skin and color and expression of eyes. When we first saw him in San Francisco courthouse are the only [illegible]

We were all impressed by his strength of character and on better acquaintance we only find the impression increased. He has the most imperturbable countenance I ever saw - quite like a Turkish pasha. His father was a Kentucky Irishman, attaché to the U.S. legation at Constantinople. He married a Turkish woman and the son, James Benali Haggin, has all the acute business ability of the true Oriental. He talks about millions with perfect modesty and sang froid and speaks of a pump for his mine at Ontario costing $300,000 with perfect coolness. He is the richest man on the Pacific slope. The smelters at Anaconda have made a town there now just 2 years old , 2000 inhabitants, 30 saloons, 15 hotels, 2 churches, 1 opera house. This is the newest town I ever saw. Many of the houses are but cabins and shanties and most of the stores are of the square facade variety but there are some fine brick buildings also. It is remarkable to see what a high class of goods are sold particularly in jewelry and womens finery. Mr Lane and I were going about to see the town just at noon time when the miners were lounging around in crowds. Seeing a larger crowd than usual we went up to it and found them engaged in searching the gravel for a piece of a human ear which had just been bitten off in a fight. The victim was standing there with his head done up in a handkerchief. We interviewed a storekeeper and he frankly told us that he made 100 per cent on his stock and on a dozen shanties which cost him $3500 he got 5 p.c. a month. Such is the demand for lodgings. He told us that few of the men in the smelters saved any money but they spent the whole of their $90 to $135 a month in sprees. Up at the works we saw the whole process of smelting and found the furnace part picturesque and interesting. Mr Haggin and his superintendent, Marcus Daly an Irishman of the most Irish type, were very attentive and kind. The key of the situation was of course the tariff of freight in the U.P., Mr H. wanting to beat the road down of course. We ran over from Anaconda to Butte in about an hour over a small divide and up a valley all dug over by placer mining, brown and gravelly with frequent flumes conveying water for use of the miners. A great deal of gold has been taken out of the mines here but we only saw two or three at work. The gulch, all sandy and gravelly leads up to the middle, almost, of the scattered town of Butte,

lying all over the slope of the hills with no apparent plan, ragged looking, busy and with the unmistakable aspect of a "mining camp" so called. The town is 5800 feet above sea level and the hills above rise 200 or 300 higher. A number of great mining buildings with the huge piles of ore and waste and the railways scoring the smooth hills are the chief features of the landscape. From the town a broad valley lies as flat as a map below, dotted with occasional smelters and volumes of drifting smoke and away beyond the high snow covered peaks forming a very picturesque background. We drove up to the mines on the top of the hill, examined all the machinery and buildings and saw the night shift go down the shaft- for both here and at the smelter they stop nor day nor night nor Sunday. It was a fine looking body of men and they stood silently, almost solemnly, watching the cages as they loaded their living freight. 24 were packed in the two story cages of each shaft and were shot down to the different levels with great rapidity. A single engineer controls both shafts and works the engines with apparent ease and accuracy. We, Lane and I, supped with Mr Haggin and Daly at the works and then went about the town to see the sights. We had the good fortune to meet in the Silverbow club the late sheriff of the place Mr Geo. W Erwin who took us into the gambling places, the concert halls and the Comique. Of all the crowds and queer places I ever saw these beat them. And the performances surpassed all my previous experiences. Butte is the most characteristic mining "camp" as they will persist in calling it in America. It has a strangely unfinished look. Brick houses crowd log shanties. Sealskins sacks and diamonds deck the women and jewelry of the richest variety finds ready buyers. Carriages and horses which would compete in elegance and style with New York or Newport, turnouts struggle through the deep mud and carry all sorts of people. Hotels there are none except of the simplest variety. We put up at the Mt. Vernon, a hostelry such as might be found in a remote village. Butte has 16000 inhabitants and I should judge 100 saloons, 4 churches and a large schoolhouse with a large brick

This should be June 16th but FDM wrote July in error.

Tuesday July 16. We made a trip down to the bottom of the Anaconda, Mr Adams, Mr Haggin, Mr Daly, Mr Lane and myself with the sup- t Mr Connor a fine type of Irishman, jolly and honest looking. Stepping on the car we shot rapidly down past one level and another to the 800 foot one where we got out and walked for hundreds of feet through the timbered tunnels into the great chambers where they are still busy in quarrying the ore. It is a fine sight to see the men in the light of the candles all busy with the air drills and the picks and the little cars. The ventilation is perfect and there is but little dampness anywhere. From this we went up to two other levels, and walked through the vein for 1500 feet or so to the St Laurence thence up to the surface stopping in our promenade to visit all the breasts and to examine the timbering. One of the most interesting things was the small room where the dynamite is stored in stacks on shelves with a steam heater to keep it from freezing, which it does at 40°. Once upon the top again and free from the stiff dirty clothes we put on to go down we started for the town and the station leaving the others to look at the great hills of ore already brought out on the hillside. This is of low grade and to get it out of the way to quarry the fine grades they dumped it on the hillside. Now they shovel and cart it into a shaft so it drops into the mine again and is brought to the surface and shot down into the cars. This is cheaper than to load it from the dumps directly in the cars. ½ million of dollars worth is there in full sight, great grey blue piles 50 or 60 feet high.

From Butte we ran back to Garrison reaching there about 3 o'clock and started for Helena by special train, Mr Haggin accompanying us. The road follows the valley of a small muddy stream through a succession of grass grown valleys and past ranges of grass grown hills and by a gentle ascent among these hills to a station called Mullan. Here we entered a 3000 odd foot tunnel and came out among the jagged peaks of the eastern slope of the Rockies. We had crossed by this easy route the main divide of the mountains here. By a series of trestles and cuts and fills, curves and grades we wound slowly down among the hills into the valley of the

Prickly Pear stream and were at Helena about 6 o'clock in a landscape very much like the one we had left, on a great plain 12 miles across surrounded by mountains some of them snow covered. The foot hills are all grass covered and support great herds of cattle. Helena is scattered all over both sides of a little muddy stream and is a mile south of the R.R. up on the slope of the hills. The whole valley of the streamlet is filled with piles of gravel where gold has been mined and there are a great many flumes and small buildings still there. Indeed they are still working it some. It looks as if a race of giant woodchucks had been burrowing there. $60,000,000 of gold have come from this, the "Last Chance Gulch". But Helena as a mining camp is "petered" now and is a quiet town of 10,000 inhabitants the financial centre of the territory and the capital. We asked the driver of our carriage what the business was: he said "Building brick houses". To be sure they are putting them up on all sides and the palaces of the cattle kings dot the slopes west of the town. We waited here all night, sleeping in the car. During this rapid trip through the mining region I have heard of and seen more original American character than anywhere else and indeed than in all of our trip put together. Tales about "the high comb cock from Texas" and the like have been told us by Mr Daly an original miner in California. At Cheyney yesterday I asked a man how the town was getting on. "Oh, we're not so bad off we can still support the gamblers" was his answer and a very significant one too. As for the aborigines we have seen but 5 men since we passed the tents of the fisher Indians on the Columbia. Two of those I have already spoken of and they probably belonged to some conical tents or wigwams which were pitched in the plains near the road. Several children were running about half naked. The wigwams were covered with canvas and were all smoked brown and yellow. Today we saw one on horseback in the woods - the only real wild looking specimen yet, and in the streets of Helena two blackfoot indians dressed in dirty blankets and old hats crawled upon their ponies from the off side according to their habit and trotted off. The ponies were bridled with lassoes and the only

[illegible] about the whole outfit was the beautiful repeating rifles these vagabonds of Indians carried.

Wednesday July 17. We were off about 8 o'clock to the eastward over a good grazing country soon striking the Missouri, here a small but rapid and yellow stream flowing through a broad fine valley. At the place where the valley widens out and branches off into three other distinct valleys is the small town of Gallatin and here is the junction of the Madison, Jefferson and Gallatin rivers which form the Missouri. Neither of these streams is large at this point although they spread over a pretty wide section of the low valley. These three courses may be distinctly seen in the three valley between the foothills of the great snow capped mountains beyond. Not very far beyond Gallatin up the river of this name is the town of Bozeman an important, though small town, standing some distance back from the R.R. At this point we began to cross the low divide that separates the valleys of the upper Missouri from that of the Yellowstone. The railraod wound up alongside the stream through a fine cañon and past several coal mines chiefly the property of the Bozeman Coal Co and then into a long tunnel about 2/3 of a mile through the mountain. The scenery was not so grand as that of the main divide which we crossed yesterday but it was very pretty and when we came out of the tunnel and could look down toward the Yellowstone valley it was a very attractive view. Shortly after noon we came to the valley of the Yellowstone and could look up the blue gorge through which the river comes down from the Yellowstone park only 40 or 50 miles distant. The river is not very large here but like most of the others very full from the melting snows from the great peaks in sight to the southward. Livingstone, the junction of the R.R. for the National Park is a new thriving place of 20 or 30 houses or possibly more with some brick blocks and an air of hopefulness about it. The valley of the Yellowstone is narrow and rich with plenty of good grazing ground and some timber though none very large. All the afternoon we ran down in full sight of the river until the view, unchanging as far as we could judge became almost monotonous. About 9 o'clock we reached Custer, memorable in history as named after Gen Custer who was killed about 50 miles south of here and in our travels memorable

for the visit of a great Indian who came aboard the car. I went into the entry to meet him and found him dressed pretty much like a white man except he had moccasins and had leggings of blankets and wore his hair in long braids. He was very dark of skin and a very jolly character I should say for he laughed heartily when I poked him in the stomach to see if he was really hungry as he said he was and when I read his name "Big Ox" on a passport he carried he roared with delight. I bought a little bead trinket of his as a souvenir and asked James to feed him and saw no more of him. He was a Crow and possibly once a bitter enemy of white men.

Thursday June 18. Very early this morning we passed Glendive and left the Yellowstone striking East over the great grass grown rolling prairie. James called me up to see an Antelope which disappeared with great rapidity, the only one we have seen yet, and about breakfast time we came to the Dakotah line near Sentinel Butte and immense great isolated butte visible as we afterwards saw for a great distance eastward. Shortly after passing this butte we struck into a curiously cut up country all full of small conical hills washed all down by the storms of ages exposing curious strata of all colors of earth from bright red to deep blue grey and forming all manner of fantastic architectural shapes. These are the pyramids of Pyramid Park or the famous Bad Lands as they are called. But they are not bad lands at all except they are difficult to cross on account of the maze of gullies. The little Missouri runs through this region, a small turbulent and muddy stream and is soon lost among the particolored hills. After leaving the "bad lands" the road runs into a grassy rolling country with no landmarks except occasional ranches. At times we came along to perfectly level stretches all green and often all cultivated. The sight of so much green is refreshing to the eye but the landscape becomes monotonous after a while. In the middle of the afternoon we noticed the sky grow blacker and blacker in the West and finally saw the flashes of lightning appear in the deep blue cloud. The storm gathered with great rapidity and soon was upon us with [illegible] bridge. [illegible] plenty of warehouses and a fine station passed before

a great rush of wind. The great blue black cloud spread all over the heavens leaving an expanse of inky green behind it which was constantly cut by flashes of brilliant lightning. I never saw such vivid and prolonged flashes. Before the storm came on we passed Mandan and Bismarck, towns of about equal size situated on opposite banks of the Missouri. Brickblocks in abundance, a general aspect of injudicious "booming" marked both of these towns. In the latter place we were interested to see the U.S. metepological building for in the weather report we are always reading in the winter time how cold it is in Bismarck. Yet in this the summer season there is no sign of cold weather except the almost continuous snow fences along both sides of the R.R.

Friday June 19. We were to have been a long way into Minnesota at daybreak but a long pause in the night soon after we had crossed the Red river of the north and the sound of rushing water told us that we had reached a "washout". So we went to sleep again peacefully and when about 7.30 we woke up we were again in motion, but 7 hours behind time. The Western side of Minnesota resembles Dakotah in aspect but as we went East we began to see woods appear and soon we were running through a broken country very well wooded and often interrupted by flourishing farms. There is a certain stand of farming here which is more like the Eastern and less like the frontier than we have lately seen, but the landscape is not very interesting. At Brainerd we crossed the Missippi, here a medium sized stream and followed down its wooded banks to Minneapolis. There is little to see on the river it is only a dark, swamp water stream dotted with floating logs. At last about 5.30 p.m. an elevator looming far up above the trees and houses showed us we were near Minneapolis and at the same time we saw that the river was full to its banks of floating logs all piled up. It was a great log jam and we looked down upon its tangled mass from the railway bridge as we crossed. Red shirted loggers were flitting about everywhere but apparently doing little except execution on the jam. Huge ugly elevators, the stone piers of the suspension bridge, & plenty of warehouses and a fine station passed before

us as we paused for a moment and then crossed the river again to go to St. Paul. Minneapolis is prettily situated and the hills back of the business portion are full of villas and residences. The river just here is a maze of falls, dams, mills, logs and rubbish and the beer colored water is churned into a white mass of foam. Ten miles of well wooded and richly cultivated country separate E. Minneapolis from St. Paul and we were soon at the latter place and walked up to Merchants hotel a hostelry which has a piazza on the street where scores of men lounge and put their feet up on the railing as they do at the St. Charles, New Orleans. Mr Haggin, who by the way has proved himself a good talker and an agreeable enough companion, Mr Adams and I tried to find a turkish bath but they were all closed and we were obliged to seek the hospitality of a barbers shop. Mr Haggin has at various times given us his autobiography all except the nationality of his father and mother, but it was told me that the father was an Irishman from Kentucky, an attaché of the U.S. legation at Constantinople, that he married a Turkish woman and they had a son James Benali Haggin. He told me he was born in a little town near Frankfurt , studied law, practised in New Orleans and from there went to California in '50 where he was a lawyer, sheriff etc.etc. He now owns the Anaconda and St. Lawrence copper mines, the Ontario silver mine, a gold mine and a railroad in the Black Hills, 500,000 or 600,000 acres of land in California, 20,000 cattle etc.etc. He talks quite modestly about losing a ~~million~~ million and a half dollars etc.

Saturday June 20.

Lane and I took the train for Minneapolis and hired a buggy and drove all about the town especially the suburbs where a great quantity of new houses are being built. The houses are very comfortable and often tasteful. Yellow brick predominates to a discouraging extent and Queen Anne has got a strong foothold. The business part has a great many nice blocks in it. The great brick hotel is one of the finest buildings we have seen in many respects. We came back from Minneapolis at noon and in the afternoon had a chance to compare St Paul with its rival and to the advantage of the latter in respect to suburbs, for

Summit Avenue along the top of the high bluff over the river is very fine and has many beautiful residences along it. But these cities have a common look of hurry and newness. Streets are blocked by lumber, or in process of sewer laying or grading, parks are being laid out and trees planted. There seems to be a slack time of business in both places. The hotel is stuffy and smelly (Merchants) and there were no amusements to make us want to spend the evening in St. Paul. The most entertaining thing we saw today was a fight between two fat jew clothiers in Minneapolis. Lane and I went aboard the boat War Eagle and took passage for Sabula junction. We went asleep at 10 o'clock or rather turned in hoping to sleep. In spite of great exertions on our part they had given us rooms over the boilers and as the heat had been intense all day it was only aggravated by the heat of the boilers. We fairly roasted all night and when at last the boat started toward morning 10 hours or so late we cooled off partly and slept some.

Sunday June 21. An overcast sky and a chill air greeted us after our night of intense heat and we put on all the clothes we had to no purpose. The steamer is one of the old fashioned sidewheelers with long "social hall" and upper deck or "texas", ornate red funnels, huge bell surmounted by a great pair of antlers and an immense landing plank, slung oh a derrick over the bow. We were at Prescott when I came on deck and the mate was "cussing" the deckhands into order. Such a round of yells and oaths I never heard as he shot out as they were getting two thrashing machines aboard. It was no easy operation as the boat was run right on the shore and the landing plank had to be widened out by a temporary bridge of coal boxes and loose planks. But his mate, Hoben by name, just cussed the deckhands into smithereens. He had the worst face I ever saw on a man. A formless mouth with thick underlip all freckled with a yellow stubby moustache, a reddish nose not very large but still not fine in form, a pair of cruel, small, bloodshot grey eyes, close cropped beard and grey hair and a skin like a young hippopotamus, not tanned with a good honest tan and freckled and wrinkled. His head was small,

his neck large and red, his shoulders broad, his hands and feet large. He wore brown derby hat, green coat and waistcoat, purple trousers, square toed boots and carried a smooth, worn hickory club with the bark on, an inch thick. He chewed tobacco and whenever he could pause between the volleys of oaths he spat copiously. Such a rasping aggravating voice I never heard. And how he did nag those darkies! He never spoke below a yell and never gave a command it was a curse and a yell together. He was as active as a cat, first pushing a negro this way, then pushing another with his stick and always overwhelming them with a multitude of oaths and curses. It was a whole circus. The deck hands, it must be said are a shiftless set of negroes always skylarking and sojering. They are paid only $20 a month and board, and work day and night sleeping when they can, on the deck on the coal and upon rude shelves like so many wild beasts. Their costume defies description, all ragged and dirty but still warm and with a half jaunty air about it chiefly in the hat which is a marvel of dirt and grease but cocked up on the head quite gaily. There is almost always a piece of red about them somewhere. We had 30 of these rascals on board, many of them black as ink and one with the biggest mouth I ever saw. Most of them were young, broad shouldered chaps who could lift and carry with little fatigue. But there were one or two puny boys who got along with difficulty. We stopped at numerous stations on the river and everywhere freight was to be loaded or discharged and everywhere the mate was ubiquitous and his oaths drowned the noise of escaping steam. During the forenoon we ran down the river into the lake Pekin or Pepin - a piece of the river spread out 5 or 6 miles broad for 30 miles or so. The shores are high and wooded and the general aspedt is agreeable but it is not remarkable as a lake. The river all the way down to La Crosse does not change in aspect very much. The banks are generally high limestone hills all covered with trees, mostly deciduous, and frequent cliffs and architectural forms of the yellow grey rock crop out of the masses of green foliage. The frequent river towns are strung along the low bluffs on the waters edge or scatter up the

hillsides. ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ The small church with pointed spire is the chief object to attract the eye. So we went on all day long amused by the deck hands and watching the banks and wondering at the skilful way we dodged across from one side of the river to the other to avoid shoals. The water was very high, very yellow in color and the current very strong. We passed several sternwheel boats coming up and a great many going down pushing huge rafts of logs before them. We reached Winona Minn. about 5.30 and had time enough to study the town. The streets looked deserted because it was Sunday but a crowd assembled on the levee and the boys swarmed aboard when we landed. After leaving the levee we ran down past great flouring mills, the largest I ever saw, and a number of lumber yards and saw mills with more boards piled up 3 stories high than I ever saw together before. Toward sunset it grew somewhat warmer and we were able to sit on the upper deck. The river was very beautiful in the warm light of the setting sun, the wind had gone down and the water was disturbed by our wake alone as we turned first one wheel and then another to swing the unweildy old raft from one side of the river to another. It was almost dark when we reached La Crosse, Wis. a busy looking town on a point or flat place with hills a good bit behind it, showing a more attractive profile from the river than any other town we have seen. Here we unloaded grain and took on coal by the light of the electric lantern which all the boats carry , and after the deck hands had got on all the coal which they did with an infinite deal of oaths on the mates part and much sly jig dancing on their part, the mate bustled two whom he got on ashore, and we dropped down the river in the moonlight. To assist in navigation there are lanterns placed at certain intervals on the banks and when we went to bed the boat was rushing across from one lantern to another and almost sweeping the trees on the bank with her bow. A night almost frosty.

Monday June 22.

The most exciting thing today was a fight between two of the deckhands in which one stabbed the other twice in the arm, four times in the side and once in the hip. I saw one of the men rush and get

an axe but I did'nt know there was a fight until we landed in Dubuque when a large negro with his arm in a sling limped off feebly and sat down on the shore. The mate came out with a dollar or two, put it in the mans hand and said "you'll be all right in a day or two. Good bye, good bye" in the softest way imaginable. Suspecting something was wrong I interviewed the negro and found he was very weak and feverish and full of holes from a large pocket knife. We gave him a little money and he hobbled off painfully in search of a hospital. He said his assailant had escaped but when we got on board we found he was still there and unmolested. The captain pretended to be ignorant of the affair and we not having any right to interfere held our tongues. The mate killed a man last year and there are frequent cases of cutting etc. so I suppose they are used to this kind of discipline. Dubuque is situated on a high flat between the hills and the river and shows up several large catholic institutions, Cathedral, school and hospital. On the hills back are seen fine residences. We got off at Sabula opposite Savanna, a dull little town like all the rest. Down this way the river has spread out wider and is full of shoals. We were not sorry to see the Old War Eagle go off down stream for she had a most uninteresting lot of tobacco chewing people and a crowd of very ugly females. It is too cold to enjoy steamboating now. The more I see of Westerners the firmer is my belief that they see dirt less than any white men I ever saw. But perhaps I am too particular. I cant help saying that they are shabby and slouchy and dirty as a crowd although there are no end of nice people among them. I cant find the picturesque side of people or scenery here. Art goes with civilization and culture. The elevator, the ugliest building ever put up by man, spoils all the towns and the slouchy cut of the men makes all groups look rowdy. We walked all over Sabula before taking the train and got a good idea of what a dead town - one of the very live old river towns - is now. The business which was once conducted along the street on the edge of the levee no longer exists. The shops there are all deserted, so indeed are half the houses in town and the stores that are scattered all along the streets look as if they would fail tomorrow for lack of trade. Such a discouraging place I never saw. We welcomed the train and felt at home

in a sumptuous Pullman and a luxurious dining car where we had a dinner as well cooked and as well served as in the best hotel. A telegram from the manager of the C.U & St P. passed us and the only excitement of the evening was the discovery that we were in a tetotal state. When we came to order beer for dinner we found that an officer had come aboard as the train was crossing the bridge at Sabula and had sealed up all the wine closets. George Gould, the son of Jay Gould, who was in a private car with Mr S.H.H. Clarke late manager of the U.P. came in and spent part of the evening with us. From Sabula westward ~~XXXXXX~~ Iowa presented the spectacle of a perfect garden. Not a foot of uncultivated ground and many large barns and frequent villages, all however of the square facade type.

Tuesday June 23. We were in exactly the same kind of country when we got up. Fine farms everywhere no waste land, trees all set out, and comfortable houses. About 9 o'clock we came to Council Bluffs a town of which we saw little except station and many tracks and cars. It is situated on a low bluff away from the river and is the starting point for the U.P. Ry. We changed cars and went aboard a train and crossed the Missouri to Omaha. The Missouri is well named "Big Muddy" for it is the color of coffee and cream and flows as if it was as thick as cream. After waiting in the station at Omaha a while, Mr Adams came in from St. Paul and we all went to the Millard Hotel together. The first thing that strikes one in Omaha is the fine pavements, both Belgian and asphalt. The streets like other Western cities are in regular squares numbered parallel to the river and named in the other direction. The town is dominated by a huge brick high school building. One of the prominent buildings is the General offices of the U.P. painted red and very neat looking. The shops of the company are near the river and we spent a good part of the day looking through them. Mr Adams spoke, or rather testified today before the Congressional Committee on ~~XXXXXX~~ Inter State Commerce. Letter from England today.

Wednesday June 24. Nearly the whole day we spent at the shops packing

our Mexican stuff. It was a great comfort to have carpenters and workmen all anxious to help and everything done immediately at request. Our car has been all turned inside out and varnished and put in order generally. In the evening I developed some Mexican negatives. Omhaha is not pert-icularly interesting and the type of Westerner predominates everywhere. There is an unmistakable coarseness of look, speech and action about them.

Thursday June 25.

Mr Adams Mr Lane and I went over the shops with the master mechanic Mr Congdon and inspected everything, then Mr Lane and I went to the smelting works near at hand and, introducing ourselves to Mr Barton, were shown all over the works following the reduction of the ore through the different processes to eliminate the lead, the silver, the antimony, the copper and the gold from the complex ores. The process consisted in a series of meltings and separation by mechanical means up to the separation of the copper from the silver. Then the copper is dissolved by sulphuric acid and is crystallized with sulphate of copper or blue stone leaving the silver in black sand or mud. It was a most interesting process to see but difficult to describe. In case of base bullion the dross is first skimmed off the melted ore then zinc put in which absorbs the precious metals leaving the lead to run off. Then the zinc is evaporated in crucibles leaving gold and silver residue. This is treated with acid and the silver separates from the gold. The works - Omaha & Grant Smelting and Refining Works - turn out several million ounces a year. Mr Callaway came in from Chicago this evening. Mr Haggin came in today also from Chicago and was in high spirits. He dined with us, and Lane and I drove him to the station then drove ourselves round the residence portion of Omaha,-Sherman Avenue and vicinity. There are many fine houses there and a general sense of luxury and comfort prevails. Omaha is noticeable for the hansom cabs.

Friday June 26

We got up at 5 o'clock and left at 6 by special train, two cars and a baggage car. We ran directly West to the Platte river and along this flat and rather uninteresting stream to Columbus. The whole

county is beautifully cultivated and thickly settled. But the rolling hills are a little monotonous although the green is very grateful to the eye. From Coumbus we ran north up to the town of Norfolk where we ran about the town - a dull, very dull prairie town with a single street full of square façade shops and streets running out upon the prairie. We only stayed a few moments but returned to Columbus and thence ran West to Grand Island about 154 miles west of Omaha. Here we stopped a few moments and then up the Loup river to the town of North Loup 49 miles distant. The road was along the valley of the winding shallow flat river. The day was hot and dusty so when we came back along we stopped near the town of St. Paul and Lane, Canfield and I went in bathing in the stream. The water was warm and disagreeable. Arrived at Grand Haven we put up for the night after a walk about town. It is a dull prairie town the chief excitement of which seemes to be the electric light establishment.

Saturday June 27

We were off at 8.30 Southward and for hours went over a perfectly flat and level country like a green sea dotted with myriads of islands - farm houses surrounded by trees. There was scarcely a foot of uncultivated ground. Wheat and corn everywhere - chiefly corn. There is an air of great prosperity, easy farming and increasing improvements. About noon we reached a town called Fairbury where the citizens were gathered at the station and Mr A. was conducted into the Grand Army hall for a powwow. It seems that the people want a new railroad somewhere. Poor Mr A. was soon seated and surrounded by a perspiring, shirt sleeved crowd, all eager and interested and plying him with questions. There weren't more than two shirt collars in the crowd and the hall was a most dismal place. As for the town, well, it didnt have the questionable activity of saloons to make it lively for it was a prohibition place as indeed are all towns in Nebraska and Kansas except those which have high license ($500 & $1000). We were glad to get away for it was boiling hot and soon were on the road to Marysville and thence up the Blue river (once blue but now muddy since the land was cultivated) to the town of

Blue Springs where a delegation of people with the dirtiest most woebegone carriages took us and carried us to the town and thence to the rival town 1½ miles away, Wymore. There was a strange situation - two towns of about equal size , the latter only 1½ years old, now wasting their substance in eager rivalry. When one had a skating rink the other immedaitely got one too. The same with opera houses etc. The B. & M. Ry. built up Wymore to sell the land and the U.P. bought a mill at Blue Springs to keep the B. & M. out. Now the B.S. people want the U.P. to build a better mill and continue the branch into the town across the stream. Hence this delegation. It was a hot day and we drove all around the dismal rival town, sadly inspected the mill and water power and then gladly left the delegates - not much encouraged by our visit - and took our departure for Beatrice (pronounced BeAtrice). Here several leading men of the town met us with their private carriages and drove us all about the town. Mr A. and I went together. It is a perfect inland city of perhaps 10,000 situated on a small tableland and with electric lights, stone and brick blocks, fine schoolhouses and churches. The town was spread over with small dwellings, indeed all the suburbs were crowded with small houses each with its little lot of land and all owned by the laboring man. It is a very prosperous town and appears to be a working mans paradise.

Sunday June 28.

We were off pretty early in the morning to Maryville and thence east to the Missouri always over a richly cultivated thickly settled country. As we approached the river the trees became more numerous and large tracts of forest comes in sight. The "Big Muddy" itself with a great railway bridge and across a fine town all built of old brick attracted our attention as we were busy noticing the southern-looking shiftless farmhouses in the river bottom. The town was St.Joseph or St.Jo as it is always called here. We crossed the bridge and ran into the station but did not have any time to look around the town. It was about two o'clock when we arrived and we set off after a half hour stay, down the river bottom among the meadows, past great bayous where the pond-lilies floated with leaves as large as a barrel head: Sometimes the

valley was wide and then very narrow but it was pretty well cultivated everywhere. We saw Atchison across the river, a pleasant looking town and Leavenworth with the military post and at last quite unexpectedly saw ahead of us a great red brick town built on a bluff and over the hills with huge white buildings with tall smoking stacks on the right. - It was Kansas City. We crossed the river slowly, watching the muddy stream rush past the abutments and soon were in a busy station. Mr A. and I walked up in the heat over a bridge and up a long slope to the Hotel on Broadway and 14th street - the Coates house. Kansas City does not seem at first sight as large as Omaha. In the evening we called on C.F. Morse.

Monday June 29.

Kansas City is the busiest town we have seen. The streets are crowded with buggies and the sidewalks full of people. Furthermore the business part is very much larger and more prosperous than would be imagined at the station where, indeed, there is a great activity. The city stretches away back from the river over the hills and the immense banks, and great gorges have been levelled to admit of houses and streets in a way that is most surprising. There are horsecars and a cable road and a belt railway. In the afternoon Lane and I went to the stock yard exchange, ran the gauntlet of 2 or 3 hundred cattlemen in their shirtsleeves, found Mr Morse who gave us a letter and a guide to the Armour Packing houses, one of the great white buildings we saw as we came in the city. Following the guide we walked along the plank walk on the top of the fences that make the cattle pens, now descending to wind among the sheds sheltering great herds of black hogs and again walking along above great chumps of fat cattle. At last we came to the packinghouse and were introduced to Mr Armour a genial, companionable man who gave us a guide over the packing house. Great rooms full of meat in all stages of cutting up. Many butchers at work, a long line of carcasses some of them half skinned, some being dressed, busy butchers, a line of pens each with two cattle, all that could possibly enter, and sunlight streaming down upon the red bleeding flesh and lighting up the pools, the gutters

of blood with brilliant crimson spots. Above the pens is a network of beams and we mounted the stairs to look down upon the cattle. A quiet man walks along, carelessly takes a very short rifle from a box, points it at a steer, Bang! ping! and he lies dead. Bang! ping! again and the second lies dead without a kick. It was the coolest thing I ever saw. The door of the pen is opened, a man attaches chains to the fallen creatures and one after the other they are pulled out by machinery and then skinned and cut up, part to sell to the markets, part to pack. A perfect maze of meat, and barrels and hams and bacon, great sides being thrown into boxes and all sorts of busy ill smelling men and pork and tin cans etc. etc. was passed through before we came to the place whence issued the squeals that resounded afar off. Hurrying past innumerable carcasses of hogs in all stages of preparation and swinging on elevated tracks we came at last into a square compartment the floor of which was an inch deep with blood and a man always engaged in scraping the red thick fluid into a hole. To the left a half dozen writhing black hogs hung up by one leg pushed each other along the elevated track and to the right stood a quiet looking man with a knife in hand. We heard a quick squeal then an astonished hog, silent now in amazement, swung out into sight, hanging up head downward by one leg. The quiet man plunges a knife in the broad black throat and gives the hog a push. Then comes a great gush of blood and the victim squeals and kicks thus helping himself to slide rapidly down the track, for the chain by which he is swung is attached to a wheel which runs on a track, then he pushes forward those below him. As fast as we can count, almost, this performance is repeated. Indeed 300,000 have been thus slaughtered this month of June. The hogs now pretty well free of blood and insensible to pain fall into a long trough of hot water where they are rolled over by two or three men then hooked on to an endless chain which drags them out an through a curious machine made up of several wheels so arranged that they bring a series of elastic scrapers to bear upon the carcass from every point. These scrapers very nearly clean off the whole of the hair but the carcass then

comes into the hands of 5 or 6 half naked negroes who finish the work and hook the feet on to a spreader and the hog is elevated upon a track again and meets a series of butchers who open the body, take out the entrails, split it etc. etc. The entrails and other parts of the insides pass through a series of hands and sausage skins etc. are made of them. Now the carcass, split, is sent by tracks into a cold room where thousands hang in ghastly array until well chilled and then they travel along and are thrown down an incline where an athelete with a huge cleaver stands ready. Helpers whirl the half hog in front of him and quicker than thought whack! with one strike off goes the head, whack! off the ham, whack! the shoulder. These pieces are passed with great rapidity into the hands of others who trim the hams, take the backbone etc. out of the bacon sides and cut up the fat pieces to salt. We saw acres packed solid of pieces being salted and thousands upon thousands of hogs in all stages of the operation. The great boiling vats of lard where the ~~scraps~~ scraps are shovelled into the tops of these great cauldrons from the floor of the second story were too smelly for a hot day but we not only examined that and the tallow vats, and the oil presses and the butterine factory but saw the boiling meat and the manufacture and filling of the cans, the laquering and labelling and boxing of them, the packing of hams, the making of all kinds of sausages and many other unsavory operations all of which were too much for a hot day and we came away redolent with the horrible stench and full of the taste of it.

Mr Morse took us to drive all over the outskirts of the town, a veritable wilderness of new buildings, new streets and great excavations and fillings. The surrounding country is charming, having a great abundance of wood and a pleasantly rolling surface in a high state of cultivation. Kansas city is a wonderful town, the busiest, the most typical Western town we have seen. It is growing in a marvellous way, and it is difficult to see where it will stop.

Tuesday June 30.

Mrs. Adams and Molly, Dr and Mrs Quincy came this a.m.

at 10 in the car which we sent on from Omaha for them. It seems good to see our own car again. In the afternoon we all drove up to the reservoir and saw more of the city. Everywhere rapid growth, great prosperity and almost startling busy aspect.

Wednesday July 1.

With the party above mentioned and at 10 a.m. I set off West again on the regular train. We passed over the rich farming country up the Flaw or Kansas river running through Lawrence and Tapeka, and past a country monotonously rich and flourishing. It began to rain soon after we left Kansas City and continued nearly all day often very severely. Near Ellis or at about 7 p.m. we came to a grazing country and though darkness soon followed we could see that we had passed the region of small towns. An interview with a German American native elicited the information that there are no saloons there now that beer can only be had one pint per man per diem. However our informant was drunk. This did not seem to be good for the prohibition cause. Fire crackers bursting in the town (paid for by me) show that the fourth is near.

Thursday July 2.

As soon as it was daybreak all of us were on the qui vive to see the "Rockies" and sure enough as soon as we were at the window there were the distant snow peaks in full view rising like a great barrier before us. Very distant they were too but as we rolled along over the monotonous grassy prairie they rose higher and higher, the sombre foothills came in sight and rising directly out of the immense plain was this serrated grand range stretching from North to South across the whole horizon in front of us. This is by far the noblest aspect of the mountains we have yet met. While we were admiring the range we saw before us and a little below, apparently, a great cluster of vivid green trees, contrasting wonderfully with the grey brown prairie. Approaching a little nearer we could see houses and electric light poles and soon the great city of Denver spread out before us all embowered in trees and a welcome sight indeed after the monotony of the plains. Passing the stone

hospital of the U.P. we were soon in the station and shortly were at the Windsor hotel. During the forenoon I arranged for the trip to Estes park and did, thus, my first real work as conductor of the special car 010. Mr J.K. Choate the asst. supt. who called on us at the hotel was very kind and attentive and arranged for us to take a special train to take us to see the Argo Smelters in the p.m. We met there Mr Pearce the supt. who showed us all over the works explaining the mysteries of roasting and the chemical separation of the metals until we reached the climax where they were smelting pure silver in crucibles and casting it in great bricks twice as long as this book is (i.e. 7") and weighing 120 lbs each. We were not permitted to see the smelting of the gold for this is a secret. The processes were less complex, apparently, than those in use in the Omaha Smelter but were very interesting. From here we went to the Omaha & Grant smelter where the base bullion is produced which is refined at Omaha where we saw the process. Ex Gov. Grant is a man evidently risen from the ranks, red as to his hair and beard with a general Scotch appearance, kindly conducted us about the works patiently explaining the values of the different colored earths we saw on all sides and showing us how these were mixed in certain proportions in a great bed from whihh they are shovelled into the blast furnaces. The process consists of making the proper mixture of ores, limestone and coke and then putting this mixture into the top of the blast furnaces which are in a state of constant activity and then drawing off the slag and the metal at frequant intervals at the base of the furnace. The base bullion is simply lead with precious metals and cannot be distinguished by the eye from pigs of lead. During our visit to the latter smelter we had a genuine Western thunderstorm with the vivid flashes and the earsplitting peals of thunder.

A drive about the town after dinner was most interesting for the suburbs are full of pleasant and luxurious homes and street after street repeats vistas of shade trees, electric lights and fine gardens. The business portion is very busy, plenty of people, crowds of girls in muslin and shade hats even till late at night. It appears

to be a very reputable town and is certainly the least like a typical Western town of any we have seen. Horsecars, plenty of electric lights, a superb opera house, quantities of very fine shops and an air of respectable prosperity make it have the look of a busy New England town. Its situation, in full sight of the Rockies is admirable.

Friday July 3 We were up and out of the hotel at 6.30 and off in the train at 7. The road winds about among the foothills in a most unaccountable manner, now and then running up into a canon and again leaving the hills for the plains. Everywhere were signs of irrigation and everywhere we had beautiful views of the mountains. About 9.30 we ran into Boulder a town at the entrance to a canon the chief features of which are court and school house, both large buildings of brick, and the University also an imposing structure. The town itself appears typically Western. In a half hour more we were at Longmont where a circus in full blast made the stage line so confused that we were considerably bothered before we got aboard. However we were soon off across the plain 10 miles or so to the foothills where we followed up the St Vrain river to Lyons where we stopped for luncheon. This is where the quarry is from which the best paving stones are obtained. All the way up we cut over the track of a recent flood and the narrow valley was strewn with rubbish. From Lyons on the road winds up the hills through an open country leaving the StVrain and crossing the divide to the Big Thompson. Compared with the Sierras it was tame staging. There are fine points of view and rugged scenery abounds. Red granite (Colorado = red in Mexican) is the chief feature and takes wonderful forms. It was about 6 o'clock when we came out on top of the divide and could see Estes park below us 500 feet, all blue and peaceful with the shing river winding through the meadows. The characteristic feature of the park is its open cultivated look with scattered trees. We rapidly descended and came to a small settlement and P.O., and a quarter of a mile beyond to the hotel, commanding a view of Longs peak over 14,000 feet, Lily mountain and a good part of the park

beside. The first sight of the park is a disappointment. There is no grandeur like in Switzerland or in the Sierras but it is attractive and pretty. The hotel is clean and comfortable.

Saturday July 4. I climbed up to the top of Prospect Mt. 800 feet or so above the park and took in the geography of the region. The views were very fine but a thunderstorm drove me down. Dr Quincy started off with me but only went half way up. In the afternoon we had horses and rode by a cart path about 6 miles around Prospect Mt. most of the way in a cold rain. But Mrs.A and Molly did not mind the weather. Mr Whyte the lessee of the English property from whom we had horses appears a very agreeable gentleman. We heard none of the usual 4th of July noises today

Sunday July 5. According to arrangement with Mr Whyte we started off at 9.30 and drove up over two divides into the Beaver and Horseshoe parks. The country is all open with sparse timber, the riding easy and delightful and the vies of the snow mountains on all sides flickered with cloud shadows are everywhere enchanting. Elk and other game still range here and we saw many of the horns all white with weather. Every ranch indeed has a great pile of these as an ornament in the yard. We were back at Spragues by one o'clock took our luncheon in the sun and rode a piece up the cañon and then rode home again by the brawling, tumbling Big Thompson. Spragues is a collection of neat log cottages built for visitors with a longer one where meals are served. A delightful place with a wonderful dairy house with cold spring and a pretty interior with flowers in windows and great neatness. Mrs S. very talkative but kindly. Willow Park or Morraine (so called from a wonderful morraine most perfect in formation which borders the south side) was the scene of a fight between the Utes and the Arapahnes in '67. The tepee poles are still there near the river. We rode home much sunburned but little fatigued. The altitude (over 8000) does not affect me at all except when I run or climb fast, then I breathe fast. Two Swiss boys in uncouth German clothes went up Longs peak yesterday and to night build bonfires like

foolish boys. They were until 5 p.m. reaching the top of the peak amd brought back as a souvenir a silver mounted bottle the property of the young woman who foolishly went up last September and died on the way down.

Monday July 6. We rode all across the North End of the park Mrs. A. Molly and Dr Q. and I in company with Mr. Whyte. The open, turf colored hills make a most agreeable country for riding and we went up quite easily to the very top of a mountain some 2500 feet above the park, or 9,000 feet high. In the afternoon Mr Whyte drove us all about the pastures and by a peculiar call - "salt sa a a lt, as a a lt." he assembled a herd of 200 or more white faced cattle about him and fed them with salt out of a bag. The moment they heard this call they ran from all directions, bellowing and capering, calves and all. It was a very curious sight to see these white faces all turned in one direction. The park improves much on acquaintance and is undoubtedly a fine place to spend a summer.

Tuesday July 7. After a breakfast of fine mountain trout we bade farewell to Peter the waiter who had made us comfortable, Mr Percival the lank English youth who fished for us while we were here, and started off in a special stage (4 horses) Mr Whyte accompanying us. The ride is really pretty for a good part of the way and the glimpse of the plains, looking like the sea between the mountains, is very interesting. We stopped 3 hours at Lyons within 12 miles of Longmont to let the ladies rest and Mr W, and I inspected the St Vrain quarry up to which the U.P. plans to build a branch. I found it a most beautiful quarry of old red sandstone. The rest of the way was hot dusty and long and we found the car like an oven. About 6 Mr Choate arrived with an engine and coach to take us to Denver where we arrived about 9. Mr A. and party met us and we all went to the Windsor.

Wednesday July 8. This morning at 7.45 Mr A. and party left on the

D. & R.G. in a special train in my charge - private car, commissary car and engine and I transferred James the cook and John the porter with provisions so that we should not miss our regular rations. It seemed rather luxurious to have our own train but none too luxurious for the hot day and our state of mind. We followed the regular train at a short distance away all down past Palmer lake a place of hideous artificiality and past Colorado Springs with its excrescence of a hotel, noticing on the way the ever varying outlines of the Rockies and the grand old Pikes peak majestically rising near C. Springs. The rock formation near here quite like absurd columns with overhanging capitals makes us look forward to our visit to Manitou with interest. The country as far as this point is pretty well cultivated, always by irrigation, but below here it is very arid, no green is seen except along the rivers. The general appearance is almost Mexican and when we saw some adobe huts in the outskirts of Pueblo, Mexico was again before me. Pueblo we saw little of but we felt it for it was as hot as a furnace, 120° in the shade. From here we went along the Arkansas - a muddy turbulent stream past great gravel banks and gulches through an arid region; past several villages, one especially notable for an orchard which raised 10,000 bushels of apples which sold at 2.50 a barrel last year to Cañon city, a small town of little importance. This is at the entrance to the grand Cañon of the Arkansas and I took Molly up into the engine to see the road in that way. Almost immediately after leaving the station we struck into the mountains where the river has forced its way through the solid rock cutting a channel from 1,000 to 2,500 feet deep and often no wider than an ordinary road. The narrow guage railway is cut through this much of the time along the face of the cliffs and once passes a point on a bridge suspended by iron beams across the cañon. How we did shoot around the corners and how the engine did rock and pitch! The ride was unparalleled and the scenery simply stupendous. Looking back or forward and we seemed shut in by solid walls of rock. Gradually however the mountains opened a little and small valleys appeared and we followed the river by curves and twists up to Salida. Here we took another engine and started to mount the

great range which rose all snow tipped before us. Almost at once we mounted a 4 percent grade and wound about the mountain side over the Poncha pass to Mears. If Marshall pass had not followed this we should have considered this a wonderful pass, but after leaving Mears, the road began to wind about in a most unaccountable way always up and up and at every turn giving us a view of the piece we had passed over. Puff, puff, the engines steadily pulled up the steep incline and the regular train ahead showed us where we were to follow. Around the shoulders of the mountains, up and still up we went until the great round knob of Ouray with its patches of snow was very near us and it seemd as if we must stop. But now we only mounted faster even to the very timber line and could look away across the ~~Sangre~~ Sangre de Christo range and over the head of lesser peaks. Away below us we saw patches of snow, the smooth bare top of Ouray rose majestically to the right and on all sides were the great rock waves of the mountains. At last we ran into a dark snow shed station where we stopped to let off the second engine and then began the descent. The regular passenger train ran on before us and showed us the path and as it wound far below us on the mountain side it seemed impossible for us to ever follow the same track. However we crossed safely and in a short time were in Gunnison where our train was put on a side track near the hotel (the same as a yacht would be anchored near the seashore hotel) and we landed and took rooms. Later on came Mr A. and his party.

Thursday July 9.

Gunnison is a desolate treeless village with unpainted houses ranged in square blocks over the arid valley and the $250,000 brick hotel rising a monument of folly in this desolation. By an arrangement made with the Supt. our train was run special up through the Black cañon of the Gunnison in the forenoon. The road runs along the stream for over 20 miles before reaching the cañon and there is nothing but an arid and uninteresting landscape to look upon. However when we entered the cañon we began to find that it was the finest rock scenery we had seen. For 17 miles the road follows a tumbling stream at the bottom of a narrow gorge 2 or 3,000 feet deep. At one point the Curra Cauti needle rises

a sharp pinnacle 3000 feet high, an isolated rock. Suddenly after 16 miles of this canon a little stream is reached, the train fairly jumps up through a terribly rough and rugged gorge and shoots out into a hilly country to the station of Cimarron, a pleasant enough place but with rather arid surroundings. I had the train started back at once so as not to keep Mr A. waiting and we reached Gunnison at noon. There were delays, however, and when our train was hitched on to Mr A.'s we did not start until nearly 2 p.m. From G. the road follows up a stream through a fairly pleasant valley to Pitkin, a mining camp where on all sides are the holes dug on the mountain side often alongside the track, and everywhere the stream is a waste of gravel, and one hole far up the cliff with a stake across the mouth and a shingle with writing on it. This was a new claim. Its isolation and elevated position made it remarkable. At Pitkin the train began to climb up the comparatively straight mountain flank and in a few moments we had left the waggon road and river far below. At the head of the valley the railway turns and winds in three tiers over the Alpine pass. The mountain top is bare granite and the road is fairly hewn out of it. As we got high up the desolation was appalling. The road frequently ran through great snow banks as high as the cars. All about us was rock, rock, rock bare and rugged. At the top the train ran into a great snow-shed station, half filled with snow and ice with ruined stone houses the result of the last winters snow and a general aspect of chill, damp and misery. A short, crooked tunnel, soon passed, brought us out into the sunlight on the other side of the pass. (Height on top 13,550). Here we passed, as on the Marshall, quantities of ruined snow sheds now being repaired and went down along the rough peak till we halted at the desolate village of Cloud City, a scattered lot of unpainted shanties in a shallow valley at the very timber line. Away up above on the bare summits are the Murphy mines - a very profitable mine and the three levels are plainly seen. From Cloud City the road follows Chalk creek past Murphy down past the D. & R.G. in the valley of the Arkansas and then mounts over the Troyt Creek pass into South Park.

Near Nalthorpe to the west rise Mts. Princeton, Yale & Harvard a trio all snow capped and making a majestic group. South Park is just like Estes park on a larger scale. It has the same open, rolling broad valley, once a lake bed, the same high land in the middle and a similar circle of snow capped mountains. It was dark when we reached Como and stopped for the night. During the day I had been receiving a bogus mail, partly to pay me up for some mild jokes perpetrated on some of the party and partly to make new fun. At Como a delegation, headed by the local editor came aboard and began to interview Mr A. Then the spokesman enquired for me. I suspected a sell and fled, but at last I came back and submitted. The man took out a copy of the Denver Tribune Republican in which it was said that I was a N.Y capitalist and showing me the article began to propose investments, bragging and "claiming" great things for the mines. I tried to laugh it off but he kept on and with perfect solemnity all the while. He finally produced a pin made of hair gold from Breckenridge mines and desired me to accept it as proof of the good intentions of the citizens. I of course refused but asked the whole party to a saloon where beer and lemonade were served. I solemnly promised to stay over a day to inspect and invest and he went away with his crowd all as solemn as judges. The pin was conveyed to me later. Hardly had the editor of the Headlight disappeared when a small antelope was brought in and presented "by the citizens of Como" and a hurdy-gurdy was played outside. After loud calls for a speech I went and said a few words. It was a most elaborate joke and well carried out. During the whole show I could see Mr Smith, Mr Callaway and others peeping round and enjoying it. I laughed so I nearly died. The Antelope is named Como and takes his food out of a bottle.

Friday July 10. We were off at 6 up over the Breckenridge pass (9490) similar to the others except that the climb is stiffer. At the divide we picked snow lilies growing near the great snow banks. The descent was rapid enough and we wound about the shoulders of the mountains among

the mines burrowed in the ground on all sides like so many squirrel holes.
After leaving Como we had passed an enormous stream bed all gravel and rocks, completely washed out in Placer mining so we did not pay so much attention to the gravel and rock desolation of Breckenridge as we might have otherwise done. The mountain sides are everywhere dotted with holes and little piles of earth and along the railway track are frequent mines with their timbering and doors like so many hillside cellars. There is nothing so discouraging to me as the mining business. It desolates the landscape and there is nothing attractive or picturesque about it. From B. we went to the town of Dickey and thence up the Fremont pass. The D, & R.G. track g[illegible]es one side of the creek and the U.P. the other, both narrow guage. Such folly of railroading I never saw. Kokomo a town 10,200 feet high on the mountain side was interesting as a desolate mining camp of brown unpainted houses and with surroundings of most forbidding aspect. The cemetery is a half dozen small enclosures at the foot of a pile of waste from a mine. It is said that all those who lie there all died with their boots on. The road we were on "The Leadville Highline" had only been open a week having been closed during the winter. Great avalanches had swept it leaving packed snow still unmelted. Above Kokomo is Robinson (10,600) another mining camp and nearly dead. Great works and little shanties are the distinguishing marks of this town. Above R. we climbed and climbed until we reached the very summit a desolate little "alp" with bare mountain tops on all sides and huge snow banks, and cornices and snow rivulets and other Alpine features. It is of all others the wildest in some respects although the Alpine is more startlingly rugged and desolate. It is said to be the highest railway in the world 11540 feet. But Alpine seems higher. The descent is made very much as the ascent is, with the D.& R.G. always in sight on the other side of the valley. The High Line runs along for miles and miles away up on the side of the mountain until it finally runs into Leadville a scattered town much like Butte City situated on the slope of a Foothill near a great gulley all gravel and rock, the famous California Gulch, and having for a background the honeycombed hill - Carbonates Hill -. It was so cloudy that we did not get a good sight of the Mountain of the [illegible]

Holy Cross while near Kokomo but we saw the snow on it quite well. At Leadville there stands across the valley to the West a range of Snow mountains but the Holy Cross is hidden by them We ran about Leadville for an hour or more and found it strikingly like Butte but not so lively although the streets were crowded with loungers. The same muddy streets and the same pretty cottages jostling shanties and brickblocks crowding log cabins. The shops are not as fine as in Butte. One sign of a saloon amused me "The Little Church - Beer five cents." It was built like a church porch. W. Chestnut street once the wild street of L. is now quiet. There were plenty of evidences of active work at night but we had to put up with a day visit. The road down the Arkansas river from Leadville is chiefly interesting because it runs through a valley with a great chain of snow peaks on the West. We passed Buena Vista - a pleasant town in full sight of the great range and in a beautiful valley - Salida and ran again down the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. We stopped the train at the Royal George and got out and saw it on foot. It is simply stupendous. The high cliffs approach within a car length of each other and almost shut out the sky. The river was very black owing to a recent cloud burst and smelly withal, like a sewer. We learned that there was a washout below and when we reached Cañon City we were not surprised that we were kept there all night.

Saturday July 11. Off a 6 a.m. and through the valley, now in places very dreary with the effects of the washout. At Pueblo we noticed on the platform a section of a great tree standing on edge and bearing on its side the following placard: "The Old Monarch. Age 380
Circumference 28 feet. Height 79 feet
Was cut down in S. Pueblo June 25 1883
at the cost of $25000.

It was known throughout Colorado as the oldest Land Mark in the state. During the Pike's Peak excitement the Old Tree sheltered many a weary traveller. In 1850 there were 36 persons massacred by the Indians while camping near this tree. Kit Carson, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and other noted Indian scouts have built their fires under this tree. it is

claimed that 14 men were hung on one of the limbs at different times, the first woman that died in Colorado was buried under its branches. The above facts are from good authority. From Pueblo the run to Colorado Springs was short and from C.S. we branched off to Manitou 6 miles or so distant. Manitou is a small village composed chiefly of hotels strung alongside a small creek. It is a regular tourist watering place. The narrowness of the valleys at first a disappointment, but Pike's peak, the sharp red peak streaked with snow, a noble landmark for scores of miles, makes a grand feature of the landscape. In the afternoon we drove over to the Garden of the Gods, as called, a curious tract of rolling ground with steeple like red sandstone formations cropping out in the most fantastic shapes. One group of these immense stones is like a great ruined cathedral. The road winds over the turf among these immense red masses all blazing in the sun and finally goes out through a narrow gate between the two largest ones and there is met a similar formation of white limestone. The whole affair is a great natural peak with little beauty - no beauty in fact. The vivid green grass, deep blue sky and staring red stone was too much for me and irritated me like an attack of dyspepsia. We drove further on to Glen Eyrie, Gen. Palmers place, a beautifully finished estate at the mouth of a rugged gorge "Queens Cañon". In front of the house are curious spikes of stone scores of feet high disfiguring a rather pleasant landscape. It was a pleasure to see the perfect lawn and luxurious house. Mr A. and Mrs A. called but the rest of us walked up the cañon and back. Later on we drove through the Garden of the Gods and wondered at the fine effects of light and Pikes Peak rising grandly in the background. Mr A. and I walked home. We took baths in the Soda Springs today - the most perfect bath I ever took. The soda water leaves the skin like velvet and the arrangements are perfect.

Sunday July 12.

We arranged to ride with Dr Bell at 10 o'clock so we had the horses brought round and started off. He led us up the foothills and mountains in the direction of Pikes often following the grade of the

foolish railroad which has already swallowed up $100,000 dollars. The great plain spread out before us like a sea, all flecked with cloud shadows. To the north the divide near Palmer lake stretched away, a black mass of timber to the horizon in the East. The valley and Manitou were like a toy landscape before us. We did some hard riding and after various cross cuts and scrambles got down into the upper valley of Manitou and tasted all the springs back to the Manitou house. The poor little Antelope Como turned out ill today and Dr Quincy finally gave him ether for he could scarcely move. We suspect the men stepped on him. I cut off his legs for a souvenir. We all had two soda baths before 3 p.m. and felt like fighting cocks so nothing would do but go to the cave of the Winds, some distance up Manitou cañon - Mrs A., Molly, Lane and I. To get to the mouth of the cave we climbed nearly to the top of the cañon sides and then entered under natural arches and were given clothes and lights and explored for nearly an hour. The interior so far explored has 36 rooms and is in three stories. We went into all the best and largest rooms, several 50 feet long and more but all cramped in appearance and by no means impressive. There is a great collection of stalactites and other wonderful formations well worth seeing but there are too many dirty stairs to climb and too many passages to crawl through and altogether too little real picturesqueness. I don't care very much for peaks I find. Later we took tea with Dr Bell on his English lawn. His establishment is a complete copy of an English country house with two tennis grounds etc. He is an Englishman. In the house hangs van's Mountain of the Holy Cross.

Monday July 13. We were not sorry to leave although the hour 6 a.m. was not pleasant. We had a peep at Monument Park on the way up - a grotesque collection of weathered sandstone rocks with capitals and pedestals etc., etc., and arrived in Denver at 9.30. Here we met Mr A. and his party (we having come special) and went with them up the Colorado Central Ry. along Clear Creek cañon. This is not so fine a cañon as the Arkansas or back and ran to Greeley. Here we had an hour or so to drive round the

the Garrison but it is fine, nevertheless. Mr. Lane and I rode on the pilot of the engine a large part of the way, all the upper part in fact and were well repaid for the shaking we got by the view of the country and the freedom of dust. Georgetown lies like a toy town, all the houses like German toys, at the head of the valley surrounded by burrowed mountain sides. Beyond this point the railway makes the famous loop ascending the mountain by returning and crossing over itself on a high bridge and then winding up a fairly gentle grade to a dismal mining camp, pretty busy looking but grey, dusty, unpainted and miserable in appearance. We turned round and returned to Creek Forks, thence up to Black hawk and to Central City, regular mining camps with brickblocks and unpainted shanties. Crowds of miners were in the streets and the first thing we saw was one man knock another down and kick him several times in the head while he was lying on the sidewalk. He got up all covered with blood. None of the passers stopped to look and no crowd collected. The town was the most woebegone town we have struck. A great wash out two weeks before had swept the sidewalks, the roadbeds and parts of the houses away, creating great havoc. The camp at best is a miserable, depressing place all dust and squalor. Now it is the abomination of desolation. The same storm that washed out the town also swept the stream, ruining the sluices and all the placer mines and washing great ravines clean to the bed rock, filling the railway cuttings over 15 feet deep with gravel and rocks tons in weight. The whole of the upper creek was most desolate and barren and ruined and the cuts which were filled as described made the railroad look rather wrecked. From Black hawk to Central City the railroad goes up by a 3 mile switch back but we walked from the latter down to the former town through the dust and desolation only about a mile. The mines open on the very highroad, and smelters and stamp mills line the way. We were glad to get out of the town into the refuge of the car. We reached Golden about sunset and ran into Denver lighted by a glorious Western sky all Oriental in its yellows and with the noble lines of the mountains sharp against the clear color. It was one of the finest sunsets I ever saw.

[illegible] up to the Stout quarries where we examined the stone and turned back and ran to Greeley. Here we had an hour or so to drive round the

Tuesday July 14. I was waked early by an artists card - Alex Comparet - but I didn't get up. He however lay in wait for me and I had to promise to go to his home. So I toiled up there about noon away off in East Denver. A simple interior, pale wife neat and simple in dress working at a sewing machine. The only large room in the house studio and living room - more of the latter. No studio light at all. The walls were all crowded with sketches, all of them I was sorry to see very bad. I couldn't encourage him except to tell him to learn to draw. But his situation - no colors, no money and probably no food - made me blue. It was very hot in Denver so we didn't stir about more than we could help today. I like the town very much. It has an air about it. In the evening Mr Adams received the executive committee of the Knights of Labor and Messrs Callaway, Smith, Dickinson, Lane and I with the R.R. Commissioners were there. The six men were types. Two or three were evidently of discontented, disgruntled disposition, two looked like convicts but the leader and spokesman Mr Neasham (as I understood it) is a good specimen of a hard headed, large brained, Englishman born in Scotland. His manner was dignified and he presented the complaints of the K. of L. against the U.P. with great carefulness and directness. Mr Adams received each argument and answered it in a way to impress the men very strongly and he came out best every time, yielding when he could reasonably but giving way in none of the points where the question of R.R. authority came in. It was a very important meeting because the K. of L. have been threatening a strike of the 10,000 employees of the U.P. However when the committee went away they cordially shook hands with Mr A. amd we all knew the strike was averted.

Wednesday July 15 Off at six again in special train to Longmont, Mr. A. and party going by narrow guage to some point where we met about 10 a.m. From here we went up to Fort Collins, a flourishing prairie town and thence up to the Stout quarries where we examined the stone and turned back and ran to Greeley. Here we had an hour or so to drive round the

town. It is a collection of comfortable hpuses and small gardens, a large village of 2100 people, a few stores, some large buildings and a high standard of garden culture and street improvement. It is particularly noticeable as the Greeley temperance town. No saloons are seen. From here we rapidly crossed the rolling country in sight of the foothills to Cheyenne where we arrived about 5 o'clock. We saw the town long before we reached it - a great straggling collection of houses, plumped down in the prairie with no apparent reason. On driving about the town we found it a most wonderful place. Great, fine shops, broad streets terminating on all sides on the open prairie like some Hungarian towns I have seen. The most surprising portions of the town are the luxurious private houses. Some of the best are owned by cattle men who married squaws who now live in a civilized fashion. It is queer to know that the people who inhabit the fine stone and brick residences were one short year ago "pigging in" in a log house on a distant ranch. Thomas Sturgis and Judge Wright, Gov Warren and Judge Cole received us and we dines with Judge W. A beautiful house with fine collection of old engravings and all luxuries even to electric light. The dinner was excellent and served by Chinamen. To think of such luxury in Cheyenne. Boston or New York could do no better. I had always thought of Cheyenne as a wilderness.

Thursday July 16. Today we were off at 5 and I got up soon after we started, anxious to see the climb up to Sherman, the highest point on the U.P. But I was disappointed for there is no actual climb, the rolling prairie only rolling more and more and finally terminating on a kind of plateau at the top. One would never dream he was on the summit of a range. We stopped at Sherman - a station only - and went up to see the Ames monument, a granite pyramidical structure, by no means monumental in appearance and disfigured by the basrelief of Oliver and Oakes Ames. Richardson designed the monument and St.Gaudens made the reliefs. I was sorry that the result was no better. An hour beyond [illegible] were hitched on to the Pacific express at 9.30 a.m.

This, after passing the Dale Creek bridge, a structure of enormous height, we came to Laramie always passing through the open country. At L. we were to separate from Mr. A. he going East to Chicago, we west to Salt Lake. Near L. is a soda lake and on the R.R. is an establishment run by Hinckley and Hodges to convert the crude soda into caustic soda. I knew Hodges the chemist and Hinckley had been Mr Adams assistant so we went all over the works. They are not yet in running order but they are roasting some soda. It is heated and melted with coal and limestone, then backed with water and boiled down in a great vat. The process is long and complex but the two interested parties are confident of success. We found Laramie dull enough, only a small, hot prairie town. The only thing we saw of great interest beside the soda works was a great ox 19½ hands high who was following a jersey cow around, The farmer kept the animal in town to show to Mr Adams and said "He sort o' chums with that cow. He aint been fed on nothing but prairie grass" etc., etc. He was an uncouth clumsy beast, very thin and stupid looking. As an engine was going to Rawlins 137 miles away I thought we might as well go along so we arranged to hitch on and off we went at 2.30. But the road proved of little interest although it followed the river most of the way. There is no timber in the river bottom and the landscape is dry and cheerless. Ranches there are none and verdure none except the sage brush and some brush grass now dry and yellow. The towns which look so well on the map, Medicine bow and others, are but small collections of shanties. We came to Rawlins about 7.30 and found this a repition of Laramie with railroad shops to keep the citizens employed. A few Shoshone Indians in hideous costumes gave some variety to the place but they went away triumphant on a freight train soon after we arrived. Molly and I walked all over the town finding the people most polite. The houses in the outskirts stand among the sage brush and the same plant grows in some of the streets. It is a very small town but a characteristic one.

Friday July 17. We were hitched on to the Pacific express at 3.30 a.m.

The others reported a great deal of noise during this operation but I heard none of it. When I awoke we were going through a wretched country, no ranches, no verdure except mesquite and sage brush. The lines of the horizon are like those of a desert. Indeed these lands are called the red desert. At Green River where we paused for a few moments the landscape is somewhat different. The hills streaked with different colored strata have been weathered into all sorts of fantastic shapes, and the buttes are as curious as any we have seen. The river itself is by contrast with the tiny alkali streams we had been passing for hours, very refreshing looking and is, for a Western stream, comparatively clear. An unpainted straggling village, dismal enough and without trees, stands alongside the track. Between Green River and Granger the landscape does not improve much except that the sage brush begins to predominate. Mr Dickinson met us at G. and promised that everything should be comfortable for us at Salt Lake. The imigrant cars ahead of us - for we had four of these in a train of 12 cars all told - were very busy all day and it afforded me some amusement to watch them. Shortly after Granger we came out through the snow sheds upon the divide of the Uintah range, a grassy rolling plateau in full sight of the snow topped Wahsatch range to the West. Then running down briskly into the Echo cañon with the first signs of Mormon cultivation and thence into the Weber cañon with the 1000 mile tree, the Devils slide and other familiar objects, we came into the refreshing landscape of the outskirts of Mormondom - a delight to the eye after the long ride over the desert. Mr Young - a grandson of Brigham Y. - and Mr Tebbetts met us at Ogden. The ride down from O. to Salt Lake was not disappointing on a second view. The Lake landscape is wonderful - the atmosphere soft, the effects of light beautiful and the colors both agreeable and strong. It is the most paintable landscape in the West. We reached Salt Lake at 8 and went to the Continental hotel. Bishop Sharp met us at the train.

Saturday July 18. Great heat today. The snow has melted from the mountains very fast since we were here in June. In spite of the heat I

went down to the car and scraped off the old mottoes from the transom and repainted them in my own way "God Hates a Liar" and "Truth is Mighty", "Then Why Lie?". The mercury stood at 102° in the car. Mr Riter gave us a special train to the lake at 6 p.m. and we all went and had a bath - a most unigue and delicious bath too. It is such a queer sensation to stand, sit and lie without effort and in no danger of sinking. Tebbetts, Severance and Borland supped with us when we came back althoug we all had supped together at the lake. A fine picturesque sunset today.

Sunday July 19. Busy with writing all the forenoon I escaped the heat but at 2 when we all went to the tabernacle we found it scorching. A second visit only confirms my first impressions of this people. Mrs. Jennings having sent Mrs Adams some flowers and fruit we thought we must return the courtesy so we drove there and called. The house is luxuriously furnished and with some taste too. Mrs J. is a most ordinary type and he - a former English butcher, is no contrast to her. They received us with great kindness and we spent a half hour there. At 6.30 we drove out to the fort (Douglass) and heard the band play. But the U.S. bands are not like the foreign military bands and we enjoyed the beautiful post with its lawn and the row of fine tree-embowered officers quarters more than the music. The view of the town and the lake with the surrounding mountains is very fine from the fort. The soldiers are rather shabby and slouchy. On the way back we drove through the dusty streets to Locust Grove, the public park, now in a half finished state but rather pretty.

Monday July 20. Bishop Sharp came to see us off at 8 o'clock and before we left opened his heart and poured out his troubles into my ear. He is to be brought up before the U.S. Court today for polygamy. The idea of the Penitentiary hurts the old man very much and he says he shall never recover from the disgrace. It does seem a pity for he is a fine old fellow - a thoroughly honest man I should say. The ride up along the lake was wondrously beautiful. Every mile was a view and more attractive

landscape. The atmosphere was as soft as in Italy and the Lake shore with a multitude of opalescent lines while the foreground with the myriads of flowers and its rich cultivation was perfect. At Ogden we were hitched on to the regular Atlantic express and soon were bowling away through the Weber cañon, the track all bordered with sunflowers and the Mormon farms shimmering in the intense heat. On the divide-between Evanston and Granger I noticed the gradual change from the grassy hill-tops to the rough and arid sage brush brush desert, and in the late p.m. we were bowling along through the desert again, passing the dismal and desolate Ft. Steele in the night - a fact which did not detract from the pleasure of the trip because the sight of this arid, treeless, shabby military post is not an enlivening one. It is just east of Green River. The sunset and afterglow turned the desert into a kaleidescope of color.

Tuesday July 21. At about 7 we were at Laramie and an hour or so later were at Shermans the top of the divide. The climb is not heavy, neither is this point after all, the real summit of the Rockies for the streams both West and East run into the N. Platte. The real divide is just west of Rawlins. At Sherman the scenery is not grand at all. It is only a rolling plateau with outcropping jugged granite spurs. Away to the South are a few snow peaks. Beyond Sherman the plains come in sight like a great yellow grey sea. Then it is seen that the elevation is considerable but not unusual for a railway. The descent to the plains is easy, unperceptible, in fact. Cheyenne came in sight about 10 o'clock, a cluster of houses in the midst of the great rolling grassy prairie. A few cowboys at the station added to the interest of the place. The rest of the day was a monotonous ride across the prairie. It is an everchanging scene however, almost as fascinating to watch as the sea. All the stations are uninteresting groups of square fronted houses. The day was passably cool.

Wednesday July 22. We awoke while we were swiftly rushing past the rich farms of Eastern Nebraska. The rain-washed boughs of the trees

almost swept the car windows. The whole landscape was soaked, the village streets were ponds and the highways pools of mud. We came to Omaha about 8, got our transportation to Chicago and went across the river and hitched on to the Rock Island express for Chicago. All the rest of the day the farms and gardens of Iowa went along past the windows in apparently interminable procession. The great richness of cultivation is astonishing. The villages do not look progressive nor are the farms kept up to a very high standard - a kind of lazy farming I should call it. The roads are canals of black mud.

Thursday July 23.

At 6.50 we were rumbled along past car shops, freight trains, smoking manufactories and the confusion and hurry of a great town. We were in Chicago. Hurrying to the hotel for a much desired bath we just escaped a heavy rain. Looking from the windows of the Grand Pacific, the heavy sky, the moist air, the yellow bricks, the drenched people, the wet streets and the busy hansom cab brought London vividly to mind. However after a breakfast in the immense caravanserai I got rid of the London allusion by a walk through the business streets with Mr Calloway. It is strange how much our impressions depend on circumstances. If we had passed through Chicago on our way West I should probably have been annoyed by its newness and its want of solidity. Now it has impressed me as a very finished, solid and rather old town. It doesnt look new to my eyes at all. There are very fine and very American buildings and some of the new brick ones are really good. About 8 o'colock the tolling of the bells announced the death of General Grant and the long epected event made the less stir because it was no surprise. It is on the whole a relief to the public, I believe, that it is now over. With Mr Calloway I visited the panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, the first panorama I have seen, and found it very interesting. Later on I hunted up some class mates and before going to dine drive, six Harvard men were talking together in the lobby of the Hotel. This without any previous appointment but by chance meeting. Mr A. and I drove along the lake and through Michigan avenue and saw all the best

parts of the town. The lake park and adjoining quarters is certainly very pretty indeed and looks finished and well cared for. We left by the 3.20 fast express over the Grand Trunk to Niagara. The afternoon was very warm and the country through which we passed of no great interest. Various noises in the night showed that we were in a very busy region but I did not wake up enough to investigate.

Friday July 24. We were an hour late this morning owing to the lateness of the Wabash train and to our own heavy train. However at 10 we got out at Suspension Bridge and walked across. The river didnt coome in sight until we were well on the bridge and then as a broad green band away below us. My first feeling was of delight at the beautiful color of the water, the next, of disappointment at the smallness of the whole thing. Niagara ought to be seen before one has seen the great objects of National Scenery in the West. We could not see the falls very well for the new cantilever bridge hides them from the footway on the Suspension but we could see the whirlpool and the rapids. Across on the American side we took a carriage and drove to the elevator and went down to the rapids. The river is narrow and the canon only 200 feet deep or less but the water rushes through with indescribable force and velocity and churns itself into foam. Such irresistible power is almost awe inspiring and we watched it with great interest bothered only by the photographer fiend whom I had to chase away with ridicule. The houses, the breweries, the straggling water escapes from the mumerous manufacturies spoil the surroundings of the falls but nature tries her best to hide these disfigurements and the trees and bushes grow to the waters edge everywhere. There is a vulgarity about the whole place that is most discouraging. We drove up to the edge of the American falls and went down below it by the cable railway, but below the mist and spray was so thick we could see little. Above it is not impressive because the water slides over in a thin sheet at the most but a foot or two deep and plunges over with little noise. Beyond, past goat Island we could see the deep emerald of Horse Shoe falls and the great white mass of foam there. Below at the smooth river which here appears to take a rest as if

dazed after the leap, the steamer Maid of the Mist with a group of passengers all done up in yellow oilskins whistled and ran about in the foam and mist. Goat Island is a charming spot although the approaches to it are lined with hideous buildings. It is a very large, park-like island with paths and drives everywhere. We went out on a rocky islet on the brink of the America falls and on another on the Horse Shoe falls, everywhere finding good views of different parts of the falls and of the wild stretch of rapids above. On the upper part of Goat Island there are three little wooded islets in the rapids connected by suspension bridges. They are shady beautiful spots with a whirl of cool rushing water around them and are full of very picturesque little spots. It was here more than anywhere else that we enjoyed Niagara, although only an emerald line and a white cleft in the waters below showed us that the great fall was near by. At this point the river is very wide and the islets are down in the rapids so you see the water pouring down as if from the sky. The cool nooks, the shaded pools, the dashing white cascades and above all the absence of mans so called improvements make this a charming retreat. We drove across the suspension bridge, the upper one, hundreds of feet above the river and in full view of the falls and thence up to table rock. From this point by far the best view of the scene is had and from here it is indeed impressive. Particularly so the Horse shoe with its great jagged chasm in the middle, a perfect hell of waters, and the curved emerald sheet of water flashing in the sunlight. To paint it successfully if seems to me that it should be treated as a piece of decoration for the colors are very vivid and harmonious in their contrasts. But to represent the magnitude of the thing is quite impossible. Compared with Shoshone, Niagara suffers first in its surroundings, for the Snake Cañon is the most impressive cañon in the West; secondly in form, because it is quite impossible to take in Niagara at one look; thirdly in height because Shoshone is a third higher. Niagara spreads out and then falls over, Shoshone narrows down before it leaps. Shoshone is wilder and grander in many respects but is far less dignified so to speak

and less imposing too. The color of Niagra is superb. Shoshone in the spring is also clear it is said. We took a bath in the current baths at the Cataract hotel and then boarded the train at 3 p.m. glad to get away from the crowd of tourists and importunate photographers and the general hideousness of the surroundings. I shall always, however, remember Niagara as a beautiful emerald fall, a fitting climax to the tour we have taken. At 3.20 we were bowling past the rich farms of northern New York on the N.Y.Central with its four tracks and with the double track of the Lake Shore in full sight all the way. Railroad folly is not confined to the West. We passed Rochester toward evening and I waked about 1 o'clock at Albany.

Saturday July 25. We were in the beautiful Berkshire hills when I awoke - and they are beautiful after all we have seen in the hill and mountain line. It isn't size but quality that makes beauty. The Massachusetts villages and farms are a great relief after the western towns and ranches and I never before realized how superior the East is to the West. Past Worcester to Boston - how short the distances seem now! Old 010 is unloaded in the station and as we step off the land yacht, our home for over three months, it is with sincere regret at leaving her. We watch her slide away around a curve, Jimmy in his white jacket in the bow, John in his white Pullman cap on the stern and we turn and gather up our traps, sad and scorched by the fierce sun of Boston. On the way out from Boston I was thinking how solid and civilized and fine the old town was after all when I fell asleep. I awoke at a station and looked out. Two cowboys were prancing about the street. Perfect cowboys, revolvers and all. I rubbed my eyes but I was awake. I looked again and saw we were in Brockton. A third look and I saw written on a cattle car alongside "Wild West" in chalk letters. I knew then the cowboys were not visions but actors in the Wild West show of Buffalo Bill.